

ARTHUR MANWARING



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ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

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The Call of the Canyon

When the days are the hottest in all of the year,
And the dust and the glare of the summer is here ;
When even the breath of the night settles down
Like a palsy to deaden the pulse of the town,
Comes the call of the canyon to lure me away
Where the squirrel, the breeze, and the cataract play.

With the call of the canyon come visions of rest
On the river's cool bank, where the angling is best,
Come dreams of the dreaming, when each tired head
First knew the repose of a fragrant pine bed,
First felt the soft zephyrs at play with his hair,
First saw how Aurora sifts light through the air.

With the call of the canyon my hunger returns,
That old school-time hunger that toil never earns ;
The hunger that flavors each morsel just right,
And comes without coaxing, noon, morning, and night.
The games 'round the bonfire, the story, and song,
With the call of the canyon come crowding along.

With the call of the canyon come memories sweet
Of the dawning of love with its chapter complete ;
Of the timid response when my love was declared,
And her modest reserve in confessing she cared—
How I loved in the canyon to stroll by her side,
To the deeps of the grove where the feather-ferns hide.

While the canyon is calling, I quicken my pace,
And clasp her again in a loving embrace ;
Still just as angelic, as modest, as fair,—
And we plan a short rest from life's hurry and care
With our girls and our boys in a canyon retreat,
Where the gladness of nature our gladness will greet.

ANNIE D. PALMER



THROUGH THE GATES OF STONE

In the heart of the Cottonwoods, Wasatch Mountains, Utah

IMPROVEMENT ERA

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Testimony

BY NEPHI JENSEN

In the fall of 1908, U. S. Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver delivered an eloquent political speech in the Salt Lake Theatre. By way of illustrating the un wisdom of being too certain in our conclusions, he said in a half humorous way, "After studying the evidences of Christianity for sometime, I decided that there were only two certitudes in religion, life and death." What the Senator said partly in jest, unfortunately is the general conclusion of modern Christians respecting certainty in religious beliefs.

Must we believe, with Dr. Benjamin Morse, of the University of Liverpool, that "imagination" (faith) "carries science on from discovery to discovery," that the "work of the imagination" is "proven by the test of experiment;" but that "in the psychical world there is no such touchstone of experiment?" Is there no "touchstone of experiment" in the realm of the psychical and religious? Is faith a mere sentiment? Have all the soul's cries to Omnipotence for help ended in the "echo of their wailing cry?" What answer to these mighty questions did the Master of men send down through the centuries? "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." "If any man will do the will of the Father, he shall know of the doctrine."

Have Christians forgotten these promises, or must we believe that the religion of Jesus is merely an ethic signboard marking life's true way, but disassociated from superhuman power to plant the roots of truth in the soul? Must we believe that he who revealed to the race more vital truth than all who have gone before or have come after him, did not leave with man the life and power that make the seeds of truth germinate in the soul, and grow to the full fruition of positive conviction and fearless certainty? What was it that came to those who heard the Christ speak that made

them say, "Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us by the way?" Was it not the Holy Ghost, the final "touchstone" of truth, the only token by which we can truthfully confess the name of Christ?

A theologian of note, some months ago, speaking of the war, said, "It is the death of mystic Christianity. Let us will that it be the birth of an ethic Christianity that men really practice." Let us rather hope that it will be the birth of the "ethic Christianity" which is all-powerful, because it comes to us in the language, "Thus saith the Lord." Ethics alone has not and will not transform a life. Ethics alone never saved a soul. Only a knowledge of Christian ethics coupled with the positive conviction that the words of Christ are the words of God will completely subdue the selfish propensities of the human heart. Men may philosophize all they will, but they never did and they never will coin a word that will take hold of the soul and hold the soul like the word of God, fused into man's spirit by the Spirit of God.

How can Edward Lewis say, (in the December, 1914, *Atlantic Monthly*) "the Church is beginning to doubt the historicity and reality of Jesus," and that "there is no whole-hearted attempt to follow him," without starting a storm of denunciation from the pulpit? Can it be that the truth spoken by a fourteen year old boy, in 1820, is dawning upon the minds of the modern clergy; and they are beginning to discover that they have only the husk of Christianity, a "form of Godliness," without the life and power of the Holy Ghost?

George A. Gordon, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1913, asks in the words of Kant, humanity's universal question about religion, "What can I know?" And then, as if to give the answer hopefully, says, "Christians were not meant to rely solely upon the epic history of the Master, to go back two thousand years to find the warrant for their faith." Mr. Gordon here unwittingly expresses the "Mormon" view of the "warrant for faith." Undoubting faith that did and does now reach out to God, and finds its present soul-satisfying "warrant," is the very life and strength of "Mormonism." The restored gospel, as one of its important proclamations to the world, declares, that "Christians were not meant" to linger always at the foot hills in the twilight of mere belief, but that it is their right and duty to ascend by trusting, conquering faith to the summit, where they can "walk in the light as God is in the light." "Mormonism" has come to reannunciate the Master's promise, "If any man will do the will of the Father, he shall know of the doctrine."

The loss of the faith that made possible the realization of Christ's promises of religious certainty, is one of the saddest tragedies of all time. The dwindling away of the faith "once delivered to the Saints," that really brought to the soul the im-

press of the truth verifying the Holy Spirit, marked the end, in the world, for a time, of soul-saving religion. The dying of this faith was the dissolution of man's partnership with God. It was the beginning of the night of the world's spiritual darkness, during which no star of hope pierced the dense blackness. Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, a product of the faithless, hopeless and lifeless theology formulated of the sentiment and myth that survived the loss of primitive Christianity, voiced in poetic sentences the despair of his contemporaries, when he stood beside the open grave of his brother and cried, "Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We cry aloud and the only answer is the wail of our echoing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word!" What is the answer of modern Christianity to this "wailing cry" which has "echoed" down through the centuries of doubt and darkness, since faith dwindled to a mere insipid sentiment? Catch it as it comes from those who stand within the "narrow circle of the pulpit:" "We cannot know. We can only believe."

But listen to the answer that comes from the "Mormon" pulpit: "The soul that cries aloud has, in the past, received, and does now receive, its certain answer. The lips of the dead are not 'voiceless!' From the 'lips of the dead' there has come an answer in the very time in which we live." Moroni, the history of whose contemporaries was buried beneath the dust of centuries, in a glorious, resurrected body, stood on this earth in the morning of the nineteenth century and talked to a farmer's son, and bequeathed to the doubting race the record written in gold, which is one of the last and most soul-satisfying answers to the old and yet ever new question, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

"I want to know," was the heart resolve that marked the beginning of the mightiest religious movement of modern times. Perfect faith in the word and promise of God made the resolution realization. And tens of thousands of faithful souls who have heard of Joseph Smith's first prayer, have trustingly looked up to God, and then in their hearts have exclaimed, "I know that my Redeemer lives."

"Mormonism," through the examples of its modern triumphs of faith, has brought to its faithful devotees the "testimony of Jesus," that makes man certain that there has come down to us from a former age the veritable word of God from which man may learn his divinely planned mission and destiny; that living prophets now speak the mandate of the Almighty in words that make the soul glow with the gentle warmth breathed by the Spirit of God; that the soul's sincere seeking after the Great All-Father is not vain; that faith gives wings to prayer, and carries the soul's fervent words and wishes to the ear of Beneficence; that through the atoning blood of Christ the contrite, obedient soul may be made

as white as snow; and that death does not end all, but is the portal to the life that will endure when the stars have ceased to shine!

As a conclusion to these rambling paragraphs, which do not, and were not intended to, follow the cold rules of logic, it might not be unfitting to mention a recent instance of the manifestation of the power of God, tending to establish the validity of the ministry of the priesthood of the Church of Christ.

A boy, fifteen years of age, who lives in the neighborhood of the writer, for several years had leakage of the heart. The mother of the boy consulted five different doctors, in the hope of finding some human skill that could restore her son to health. But her seeking was all in vain. The last man of medical knowledge and surgical skill consulted, admitted frankly that the boy could not be healed. The mother was disconsolate. But the boy had locked up securely in his heart a power, greater than that possessed by all the doctors. He said to his mother, "Can't I be healed through the prayers and administrations of the elders by the power of God?"

"Of course, you can," said the faithful mother.

The writer happened to be one of the elders who administered to this boy. The boy is now perfectly well and sound. A young man who is investigating "Mormonism," to whom the writer related this story of healing, asked, at the conclusion of the story,

"How do you know that the boy was healed by the power of God?"

"Because," said I, "men of science said he could not be healed, and he is now well."

May we of the younger generation of Latter-day Saints remember that the "testimony of Jesus," is the strongest shield against the "fiery darts of the wicked;" and the only way, in this world of doubts, discouragements and distracting cares, to the "peace of God," which is more beautiful than the smile of spring-time, and truer than the fatigue that closes the eyes in sleep.

My Father's Grave

The sun is floating in a pensive sky;

A soft wind sweeps the field where sleep the dead;

The falling leaves of autumn rustle by,

As my slow feet the hearse's roadway tread.

A spirit sad but sweet broods o'er the scene,

As if a higher world its holy atmosphere

Were shedding on these silent billows green.

Where those who live have buried those so dear.

*Written for and read by the author at a meeting of the Cummings Family Association, held April 13, 1915.

A granite shaft a solemn shadow throws
Across a mound in an obscure space,
And thoughts of him whose ashes here repose,
Now draw me to his modest resting place.

A brief inscription, carved upon the stone,
His name, with dates of birth and death, supplies ;
But on this spot no signs of wealth are shown,
For he was poor, and with the poor he lies.

This is my father's grave ; his kingly form,
Clothed in an angel's raiment, here was laid,
To feel no more of pain, or grief, or harm,
But just to rest, where none can make afraid.

My father's grave ! Beside it with bared head
I bow, while deep emotion my heart swells,
And with communion sweet my soul is fed
From sources where my father dear now dwells.

Among those pioneers whose painful trail
First lined the desert's dreary, ashen face,
And penetrated to this mountain vale,
He held a brave and valiant leader's place.

The first rude homes that broke the desert's reign,
His brawn and skill were soon employed to build ;
His fellow exiles here took heart again,
And he like them with hope and faith was filled.

And now, upon the scene where thus he toiled,
A city stands whose beauty is world famed ;
The desert drear, at which stout hearts recoiled,
Is now a picture rare, in mountains framed.

His labor hard no respite ever knew
Until old age his eye and strength impaired ;
To honor and to conscience he was true,
And with the poor his scanty store he shared.

With faithful care his children all were trained
In virtue's ways, and faith in God were taught ;
The politician's methods he disdained,
Nor could his vote or favor e'er be bought.

His friends were many, yet his sphere obscure
He did not wish to leave ; nor did he seek
To win the world's applause, nor yet secure
Its prizes vain, so tempting to the weak.

My father! as I stand here by your grave,
How like a flood come recollections bright
Of loving counsel you so often gave,
To guide my footsteps in the path of right.

I need that counsel now, and my soul yearns
To hear again your kind, inspiring voice;
With such a longing often my heart burns;
In such a blessing, how I would rejoice.

Is such a blessing, then, beyond my reach?
Has God forbidden you to speak to me?
May not the dead the living ever teach?
May not the living ever the dead see?

Where is the record of a law divine
That thwarts these hopes of human nature, lost?
That thus divides your sphere of life from mine,
And says the gulf shall never more be crossed?

In all the scripture God has ever given
There is no law intended to prevent
Our loved ones, gone before us up to heaven,
From visiting us here, when they are sent.

This is the faith I cherish, firm and sure;
I do believe that, when I listen right,
Your voice speaks to me words of cheer,
And that your spirit o'er my path sheds light.

And if my selfishness I would subdue,
And stronger faith my sluggish soul would fire,
The vail that separates me now from you
Would vanish, and I'd have my heart's desire.

Your face I'd see, your voice so loved I'd hear;
Wise counsel and reproof you'd gently give;
The future you'd unfold, and without fear
The words of life from you I would receive.

The fault is mine, then, if my longing still
Remains unsatisfied; so let me wait
In patient effort with myself until
God's grace shall help me reach a higher state.

And if to meet you I must leave this sphere
And follow whither you have gone before,
With faith and courage that shall know no fear,
I will approach that mystic, happy shore.

B. F. CUMMINGS.

Jim's Oration

The Improvement Era Prize Story, March Contest

BY ELSIE CHAMBERLAIN CARROLL

Jim Welker had not been to Mutual since his father's sensational withdrawal from the Church more than two months ago, and he felt curious eyes turned upon him as he entered the door. He had come tonight to please his mother, but he had not known how much courage it would require to walk up that aisle between the rows of familiar faces, once his friends, but now, to his imagination at least, only critical, curious spectators of the struggle going on within his soul. All the seats near the door were occupied, so he threw his head back in an attempt to assume an attitude he was far from feeling, and tried not to see any one as he marched toward the front. But by some strange power beyond his control he found himself looking into the face of Lucy Hales,—and he had hoped above all that Lucy would not be there. She was sitting by Dan Clinger who nudged her and whispered something as Jim passed. Jim had seen it all from the corner of his eye and he felt the blood rush to his temples. He had also caught Lucy's smile as their eyes met, but he read in it only pity instead of the old time comradeship. It was so like Lucy to give him pity instead of the scorn every one else would give. But even Lucy could not be expected to have anything more than pity for the son of an apostate. Such was the thought that fled through Jim's tortured brain as he passed up the aisle and miserably took his seat on an unoccupied bench near the front.

The president saw him and came forward with hand extended in welcome, but somehow this unusual attention only made the boy feel all the more like an alien. Soon Dick Savage and Karl Denning came in and sat on the other end of the bench. Three months ago the boys had all belonged to the same bunch, but now Jim kept his head turned obstinately away and he felt, rather than saw, that the other boys were talking about him.

Presently the meeting commenced. The opening song was, "School Thy Feelings, O My Brother," and poor Jim felt that the hymn had been chosen especially for his benefit. When the members separated from class work, Jim marched quickly down

*This story won the \$25 prize for March, in the IMPROVEMENT ERA contest, ending June, 1915.

stairs and took his seat in the farthest corner of the room. The class leader took his place before them.

"We must decide tonight, boys, who will represent the class in the oratorical tryout for our ward. It comes off two weeks from last Sunday evening. We want four contestants. Come now, let us have some volunteers." He waited for a response. But the boys sat whispering and laughing a little, each one urging his neighbor to "go at it."

"Well, if you will not volunteer I shall have to appoint some of you," the teacher said at last.

"We shall ask the following to represent the class: Harold Hoover, Karl Denning, Dan Clinger"—and his eye suddenly rested on Jim—"and James Welker." You will find a suggestive list of subjects in the April ERA and I shall be glad to be of assistance if you need me. Are there any questions?"

Again Jim felt like every eye in the room was upon him. He was about to decline when Dan's hand shot up.

"Must the subjects all be on the gospel?" he asked as he looked with open meaning at Jim. Some of the fellows near Dan snickered, and Jim was conscious of angry resentment taking the place of his bitterness and shame. He never had liked Dan Clinger, and especially since that humiliating evening two months before when his own father had openly, in ward conference, denounced the Church. Jim felt that if he lived to be as old as Methuselah that evening would always stand out as the most vivid thing in his memory.

There had been the terrible, tragic moment when the son, with the rest of the audience, had first realized what the man had done. Then the tense, breathless silence, followed by a subdued, though excited hum of whispered comments. Through it all Jim had sat beside Lucy Hales. He at first had been only conscious of shame and remorse for his father. Then a look into Lucy's white, stricken face had suddenly made him realize that the sins of the fathers rest also upon the children, and he felt that he himself had suddenly been drawn from the circle of the Church by this act of his father's, and made a miserable outcast. The meeting had closed and he had walked out behind Lucy in a sort of daze. Neither of them had spoken a word. It was Dan Clinger who had called out, as they reached the sidewalk: "An apostate's son and a bishop's daughter." Jim's hand had clenched hard, but he had kept back the hot retort that sprang to his lips. He remembered that Lucy's hand had trembled on his arm and he had thought that her humiliation must be even deeper than his own. He had felt glad for the first time in his life that her home was so near. A few more of those long, throbbing, silent seconds and they stood at her gate.

"Good night," he said in a voice that sounded strangely unfamiliar.

"Good night," Lucy had responded in a whisper that was a little unsteady. He had turned and started down the street.

"Oh, Jim!" Lucy had called, and there was a catch in her voice. He had gone back to where she stood at the gate. The moonlight shone on her face and revealed the tears glistening in her eyes. She tried to speak but something seemed to choke her, so she held out her hand. Jim thought he understood. She wanted to tell him not to come any more. He took her hand and whispered hoarsely, "Good bye, Lucy," and hurried away. The next morning he had gone to his uncle's ranch up in Provo canyon and had not been back until today.

And this, and the struggling hours he had spent in the meantime, came before him like a flashing panorama now. Suddenly, out of his resentment against Dan's open antagonism came the thought, "I'm as good as he is if my father is an apostate. I would not stoop to as mean a thing as he is doing now," and Jim decided that he would not decline. He would win over Dan Clinger, or make a mighty effort in the attempt.

The class leader had answered Dan's question a little sharply, for he evidently saw its intent: "Of course the subject does not need to be on the gospel. Any good, moral, inspiring subject will do." And he began on the regular work for the evening.

When the class work was over and the members reassembled for dismissal, Jim found a seat near the door. Karl and Harold came in behind him and tried to include him in a whispered discussion of good subjects for orations. He knew that they were trying to let him know that they were still his friends and he felt grateful, but he had built up such a wall in his imagination between himself and his old associates that he did not know how to break through it now. He made a weak attempt to meet their advance but felt that he had failed and was almost as wretched as when he first entered the meeting.

As soon as the benediction was through he hurried out. Before he had gone a block he heard a crowd of boys behind him. As they passed, Dan Clinger sang out, "Got your subject yet, Jim? Better take, 'Honor Thy Father.'" The hurt of this taunt was soothed a little with the thought that at any rate Dan was not walking home with Lucy Hales as Jim had supposed.

When he reached home he found his mother waiting for him. Her quick, loving eyes read his face. She knew something of the struggle going on within the boy's soul, but she was afraid to try to help him. She would not have him lose his natural respect and love for the father who had always been his unquestioned ideal until that night two months before, and yet she wanted above all

that he should remain true to the faith which had led both his grandfathers across a trackless plain.

"Well, son, did you have a good Mutual?" she asked pleasantly.

"O, it was all right." Then after a pause, "They want me to give an oration in the tryout for our ward." Jim saw the light that leaped into his mother's face and he was glad he had not declined.

"I am very glad," she said quietly. "Did they assign you a subject?"

"No," and Jim smiled grimly as he recalled Dan's taunting suggestion. He would not tell his mother about that; she had enough to bear already.

"I'm so glad," she repeated again thoughtfully. "I've been dreadfully worried about you since father—" She did not finish the sentence. Her voice choked, but she brushed aside the tears and went on calmly,

"You must not pass judgment upon father, James, no matter how wrong we both know he is. You are too young to understand just what influences and pressures were brought to bear against him. He was not himself that night nor for a long time before. I have good reasons to believe he is more sorry than we can know now, for what he did, and my hope is in you, James, to bring him back. No," she went on musingly, "father was not himself. He was trying to be an imitation of someone else, and now after what had happened he still lacks the courage to be his true self and right the wrong impression he has given out. We all suffer for it, but we must try to have the courage to be our true selves no matter what we suffer and what people may think or say. That is why I'm so glad you went to meeting tonight, and glad again that you are going to take part as you have always done. You had to break the ice tonight. It was hard, I know, but you have done nothing unworthy and should not permit yourself to feel like an outcast, and I have hopes that through you we can bring father back to the Church."

This was the first time Mrs. Welker had discussed their trouble with her son and they both felt better for the confidence. Soon they fell to discussing suitable subjects for the oration and before Jim went to bed he had decided to take "The Habit of Success" and with his mother's help he had gone through the library hunting material. He made out a brief outline, then bade his mother good night and went to his room, happier than he had been for many days.

After he had gone to bed he lay thinking of his father as he had done every night during the past weeks. He thought he knew the influences to which his mother had referred. A brilliant missionary companion of his father's, a man high up in authority in

the Church, had apostatized a short time before, and had written a number of sensational magazine articles against the Church. Jim had known how wrought up his father had been at the time, for the apostate had always been looked upon as a sort of oracle by Mr. Welker. Then had followed a long correspondence between the two men, and Jim could see it was as his mother had said, father had tried to be an imitation of the other man and not himself. The boy fell to thinking along this line. It did take courage to be one's self in a little thing that came along every day. He had lacked that courage himself and had been a miserable coward since his father's mistake, afraid of the boys and of criticism in general. A new resolve came to him. No matter what it cost he would try to be his own natural best self in the future. He would not shun the boys. He would even be friendly with Lucy, though of course that was all he dared hope ever to be now, for she was the bishop's daughter and they might well suppose he would follow in the footsteps of his father. He would have to prove himself, and maybe, as mother had said, they could win father back. It was with thoughts like these that at last Jim fell asleep.

More than a week had passed and Jim had his oration well under way. He felt well satisfied with the result of his effort. It was Friday afternoon and as Jim had no pressing work, he took his speech and went on Temple Hill to practice it.

As he turned the corner of 6th East and 8th North he met Dan Clinger.

"Hello, Jim. Got your oration?" Jim could not help noticing the unusual friendliness in Dan's manner.

"Just about," he answered, looking at the manuscript in his hand. "Have you?"

"No, I never can do anything until the last minute," and Dan passed on, while Jim turned into the trail at the foot of the hill. He went directly to the grove north and east of the campus. Here he felt absolutely free and in no danger of being disturbed, so began at once to practice. He went through it several times, feeling more satisfied with each rehearsal. At last he put his paper into his pocket and practiced it once more for good measure, then started home, deciding to go through the fields east of the grove and down past the old gravel bed where he had had so much fun when a youngster.

As he jumped over the fence which separated the grove from the first field, he was surprised to see Dan Clinger rise up out of the tall grass along the head ditch. Dan looked confused, but called out with his characteristic carelessness.

"You haven't seen my cow around her have you?" Then before Jim could answer he continued, pointing at the place from which he had just emerged.

"The queerest little animal you ever saw just ran in a hole right there. I was trying to dig him out but couldn't find him. Wonder what it could be."

"There are lots of gophers in these fields," Jim replied.

"O, that was no gopher," protested Dan, then added hastily, "Well, I've got to find that cow. Johnny let her get away when he was taking her to the pasture this morning," and he leaped a fence and disappeared on the other side of the hill.

Jim walked on, somewhat irritated at the possibility of Dan's having heard him practicing.

Sunday afternoon Mr. Welker came home. His business kept him away a good deal. Jim had not seen him since that night two months ago, and he was filled with surprise and pity at the man's haggard face. There was no doubt that his father was suffering for the rash step he had taken. Each member of the family was conscious of a painful constraint. The father was unusually quiet while Mrs. Welker made a visible effort to keep the tension down and make the atmosphere of the home what it had always been before.

When evening came and Jim was getting ready for joint meeting, Mrs. Welker turned to her husband and said,

"James is in the oratorical contest tonight. Why don't you go and hear him?" Mr. Welker gave her one long, surprised look, which made her add in confusion, "Or would you rather stay with the baby and let me go?"

"I've got to see Beesley," the man replied a little sullenly, taking his hat and starting toward the door. He stopped and turned to Jim.

"What is your subject?" he asked, his voice betraying the emotion he was trying to conceal.

Jim told him, and he took another step toward the door, then after a moment's hesitation he turned back and said,

"You had better go through it for your mother and me. It will be good practice."

When Jim had finished he said simply, "That's pretty good. I hope you win," and left the house.

"I wish you could go," the boy said to his mother, his heart going out to her because he had seen her futile effort to get his father to attend. His resolve to help her strengthened. He did not know just how he could do it but he would try, and he breathed silently, "O God, show me how to help bring father back." He did not know how soon, or strangely that prayer was to be answered.

He hurried to the meetinghouse. It was filled with people. The Mutual contests had become very popular, and no doubt the fact that Jim was to be one of the contestants had added not a few to the numbers there. The other contestants were all pres-

ent, and when Jim joined them Karl and Harold both looked up with a greeting, but Dan sat poring over a book and pretended not to see him.

"Well, I guess we are ready, boys," said the president, coming from a consultation with the judges.

"James, the boys drew for places before you came in, and you got last."

The meeting commenced. Harold Hoover was the first orator. His subject was "Loyalty" and was handled in an interesting way. Karl was the next. He had chosen, "What is Means to Put Your Name on the Mutual Roll." His material was good, but he lacked preparation. Next, Dan was called. He seemed a little confused as he arose, but by the time he had reached the stand he had regained his usual bold assurance. He announced that his subject was "Success."

Jim looked up in surprise. He had understood that Dan's subject was "The Value of Spare Moments." His surprise grew as the orator went on with his introduction. It was almost word for word like his own. Jim leaned forward in breathless excitement while Dan proceeded in a clear, confident way, his dark, handsome eyes looking over the audience with convincing earnestness. Sentence after sentence came familiarly to Jim's ears, and soon he leaned back with a smothered groan, crushed with the bitter realization that Dan had stolen his speech. This explained his presence on Temple Hill that day. How could even Dan have stooped to such a thing? Of course, he had felt confident that Jim would not expose him and that he would win the contest with his rival's own speech. Jim closed his eyes in utter misery. Then suddenly came the thought that in less than ten minutes his own name would be called. What could he do? Give the same speech or make some excuse and remain out of the contest. The latter seemed the only possibility. And yet he rebelled at the thought of giving up to this boy who was so openly his antagonist. Nothing would suit Dan better than his withdrawal. If there were only some way to win, even now. Of course he might explain, but he recoiled from the thought. Besides, would they believe him against Dan? He—was an apostate's son. O, the torture of the seconds that seemed to press down upon him.

The audience was very still. Dan's speech was making a profound impression. And poor Jim had wanted so much to win, to redeem himself from his father's mistake. If only he could take some other subject and win yet. The thought flashed wildly through his brain. But his mind seemed like a blank. He thought of inspiration. But with that thought came the memory of those burning words of his father on that terrible night: "The gospel teaches us to be a lot of ignorant, blind fools when it has us conceive of a God who is going to listen to the individual prayers of

a hundred million people at the same time and minutely direct a hundred million acts that are unimportant to anyone except the petty individual who prays for such guidance." If only God would hear and inspire him now, it would be a testimony against his father's denial.

"O, God," he pleaded in his soul, "inspire me! Put something in my mind to say!" Then he sat very still and waited.

It came like a flash! "The Courage to be One's Self." He grew suddenly calm. His mind had never seemed so clear. He remembered all those things he had thought of that night after his mother had said those words. He began to formulate an outline, an introduction, a body, and a conclusion. He glanced at the clock. Three minutes remained. He would try. He might not win, but God had answered his prayer and he would do the best he could. He thought no more of Dan and his treachery. He forgot the audience, and in those few remaining moments he centered all the forces of his mind upon that one subject, "The Courage to be One's Self."

Soon Dan took his seat and Jim's number was called. He took his place experiencing a feeling he had never known before. It was as if he had reached out to the Father in his weakness and the Father had taken him by the hand to help him over this difficulty, just as his earthly father had often, when he was a little fellow, taken his hand to help him over a hard place in the path.

Jim faced the audience. Nearly a thousand pairs of eyes were raised expectantly to him. For one brief moment he was almost overwhelmed with the thought that he was standing there without preparation. Then he felt the reassurance of the Father's hand again.

"The Courage to be One's Self," he announced and there was not a waver in his voice.

"Every day we see examples of great courage. Sometimes it is physical, more often it is moral courage. We hear stories that thrill us with inspiration. It may be of the soldier who faces the cannon's mouth for his country; it may be of the fireman risking his life for his fellowmen; or of the mother rushing into the jaws of death to save her child. On every hand we find great cries being met by men and women of matchless courage.

"We may not all be called upon to exhibit the courage required for some particular crisis, but we are in need, every day, of a courage just as essential in the world, the courage to be our selves. Did you ever stop to consider how many lives are lived in quotation marks?"

The boy was growing more and more filled with his subject. Unexpected analogies and illustrations crowded his mind. He saw interest in the faces before him and this gave him added inspiration.

He told them how the lack of this courage was shown in the matter of dress, in the way homes were furnished, and in the manner of living in the homes. He said that many a girl had started on the downward road simply because she lacked this courage to be herself and sold her most priceless possession that she might wear gowns and jewels like someone else. He said that many wives sent their husbands to bankruptcy because they must live and dress as some envied neighbor did, and that scores of boys had been enticed into saloons and gambling halls because they lacked this courage, while their fathers accepted bribes and grafts because they wanted to make the same show that their friends made, and lacked the courage to stand by their own manhood. And so Jim continued without a pause or break, his face glowing, his voice vibrating with earnest conviction. Dan Clinger was listening in utter amazement.

The boy then gave inspiring examples of men and women who had not lacked this courage, and so had given their very best individual selves to the world. He drew from the lives of Tolstoi, of the Pilgrim fathers, of Joseph Smith and of Christ. Then he began a strong plea for each one to make the most of the individuality God had given him and not submerge its possibilities into a weak imitation of some one else. A movement near the door revealed the face of his father. For a second he wavered, then went on with more strength than before. He reached a brilliant climax, holding the audience spellbound. The eyes of his father were upon him until the end and Jim felt a strange new bond between them.

When he was through there was a tense silence in the room which reminded him of that other meeting. He went mechanically to his seat. Suddenly he felt timid. He could not remember what he had been saying and thought with humiliation that he must have made a wretched spectacle of himself. After the first silence there was a sound of whispered comments. He looked toward the door, but his father was gone. The president asked the judges to confer. Someone gave an instrumental piece, then the judges came forward and there was silence again.

"The orations were exceptionally good," the chairman, commenced, "and we wish to commend them all. We are unanimous, however, in awarding first place to the last orator." Jim seemed more dazed than ever. Surely he had not heard aright. But Harold and Karl who were sitting on either side of him extended, ungrudgingly, their congratulations. The president made a few remarks and the meeting was dismissed.

In a moment Jim was surrounded by groups of his old friends. A warm glow crept over him. The bishop pressed his hand and gave him some pleasant words of encouragement. And Jim saw Lucy standing behind her father waiting to speak to him. Her

hand trembled as he took it, and he read something in her eyes he had never hoped to see there again. It gave him courage to keep by her side as they were pushed along with the crowd toward the door, and take her arm when they had reached the outer steps.

Jim felt a touch on his arm. He turned, and the electric light revealed the remorseful face of Dan Clinger. "May I speak to you just a moment, Jim?" Jim excused himself to Lucy and stepped aside with Dan, who seized his hand and whispered brokenly,

"No one but you knows what a dog I've been. I—I—can't ask you to forgive me, but—it would kill mother if she knew."

"O, don't worry about that, Dan," said Jim filled with pity at the other's remorse. "No one shall ever know from me."

"I can't thank you nor tell you how ashamed and sorry I am, and I won't ask you even to believe I'm going to be a man until I've proved it—but I'll do it." Jim pressed Dan's hand and hurried back to Lucy.

"You were splendid," she said proudly, then when they had reached her gate she invited him to come inside. "Maybe I can tell you tonight the things I wanted so much to say the last time you were here and could not," she said, with a slight pressure on his arm, which revealed her sympathetic understanding.

When Jim left Lucy an hour later he did not think anything could add to his happiness, but he was very much mistaken.

As he entered his own gate he was surprised to find his father waiting for him there. Mr. Welker took his son's hand and held it as they walked up the path in silence. When they reached the porch the father said, "Tell me how you did it, son?"

"I prayed, father," Jim answered simply, looking into his father's face.

"And you were not alone," the response came low and full of feeling.

"Father?" There was mingled doubt and hope in the boy's tone.

"Yes, son, I prayed with you, and both our prayers were answered. Yours in the inspiration that gave you your subject, mine in its message which revealed myself to me. You were right, my boy. We cannot successfully be an imitation of someone else. Sometimes when we try, we see hell in a way we have not expected. You've helped me find the courage to undo the wrong I've done."

And the next Sunday in fast meeting, Jim sat proudly thrilled as he listened to the most powerful testimony he had ever heard—from the lips of his father.

A Utah Poet on the Grand Canyon

Jack Borlase is not entirely unknown to readers of the *ERA*. He has heretofore favored them with at least one characteristic poetic contribution. The *Literary Digest* recently gave him this notice, and published his poem which follows:

"Out West, in a Utah village called Kanab, there is a man named Jack Borlase, who edits *The Kane County News*. Occasionally Editor Borlase forsakes prose for poetry. And it is real poetry, lacking sometimes in polish, often roughly idiomatic, but genuine in feeling and strong in expression. The poem below, in spite of such colloquialisms as 'when I acted most infernal,' is a thing of beauty and power."

The Message of the Grand Canon

BY JACK BORLASE

A purpose He had when He builded me,
When He covered me o'er with rock and tree,
And the purpose He had I will tell to thee;

For it seems that you do not know. .
The lynx and the lion, the lean coyote
And the mountain-sheep and the bearded goat
Have ever and e'er understood the whys
And the great wherefores of the painted skies

Where the waters of myst'ry flow;
But the "all-consuming" brain of a man
Is a bit too weak to fathom the plan.

Since the days when the Master came and said,
"Now be a mountain instead of a bed,
And grit your teeth while I cut your head
And your trunk and your tail clear through,"
I have often wept and I've often smiled
When I've thought of the poor fools, running wild;
And to tell the truth, there are moments still
When I weep my weep and I laugh my fill,
As I listen to some of you;
But the message I bring is a vital thing,
And a worthy song is the song I sing.

The old Piute and the Navajo,
Though their skins are bronze and their ways are slow,
Both listened to me in the long ago

When I acted most infernal;
And above their failings, above their fears,
And beneath their smiles and beneath their tears,
Is the hope of a happy hunting-ground,
And the hope of a future to be found—

Yea, faith in a life eternal.
And this is the message I bring to you,
Which is old as the hills and ever new.

The Thomas D. Dee Hospital

BY JOHN V. BLUTH, FIRST COUNSELOR IN THE PRESIDENCY OF THE
NORTH WEBER STAKE

The Thomas D. Dee Memorial Hospital, at Ogden, Utah, erected a little over four years ago, has now been acquired by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, through the presidencies of the Weber, North Weber and Ogden stakes.

The hospital was erected by the widow and children of Judge Thomas D. Dee, as a monument or memorial to his memory. Ground for the building was broken July 19, 1910, and the structure was completed during that year and dedicated on December



THE DEE HOSPITAL, OGDEN

29, 1910. The Dee family had incorporated under the name of the Thomas D. Dee Company, and this company donated \$90,000 towards the erection; locally, funds amounting to \$8,360 were contributed, and additional money was borrowed to equip the institution according to the most modern and up-to-date requirements. New and additional equipment has been added during the past four years making the total cost about \$125,000.

The Thomas D. Dee Memorial Hospital Association was incorporated with a board of twelve trustees, and to this association the property was conveyed, and the board has had the institution in charge since that time. The institution has been practically self-sustaining, but the trustees found themselves unable to liquidate the original indebtedness. After four years of effort, those in charge felt that unless some arrangement could be made



JUDGE AND MRS. THOMAS D. DEE

for the payment of this debt, and provisions made for the annual deficit which always threatened the board when they sought to keep the hospital abreast of the times, the necessity would arise compelling them to close or convey it to some other organization.

At this time the presidencies of the Weber, North Weber and Ogden stakes came to the rescue and, after consultation with the First Presidency of the Church, made a proposition to take over the hospital, clear off the indebtedness and continue the hospital for the use of the public. The proposition was accepted by the Thomas D. Dee Company, the only reservation made being that of the perpetuation of the Thomas D. Dee Memorial. The articles of incorporation of the Hospital Association were amended to suit the new arrangement, the board of trustees was reduced to seven, the former board resigned, and the following board of trustees was nominated by the Trustee-in-Trust, of the Church, and approved by the stake presidencies who had initiated the transfer of the property: Lewis W. Shurtliff, president of the Weber stake; James Wotherspoon, President of the North Weber stake; Thomas B. Evans, President of the Ogden stake; Judge Henry H. Rolapp, Dr. R. S. Joyce, Wm. H. Wattis and Mrs. Maud Dee Porter. Of these, Judge Rolapp was elected president and Mrs. Porter, a daughter of Judge Dee, Secretary-Treasurer, and on April 1, 1915, the institution became a possession of the Church.

The number of patients treated at the hospital during the four years since its opening to the public, shown in *patient days*, is as follows:

1911	12,999
1912	14,156
1913	17,256
1914	15,676

Judge Thomas D. Dee, whose thrift and business ability accumulated the fortune that made it possible for his family to erect such a useful and permanent memorial as the Dee Hospital, was born in Llanelly, Carmarthenshire, South Wales, November 10, 1844. His parents became converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in 1856, in their native land; and in 1860 the entire family emigrated to Utah, and settled in Ogden, where Judge Dee resided until his death, July 9, 1905. On April 10, 1871, he married Miss Annie Taylor, at Salt Lake City, Utah. Of this union there were born two sons and six daughters, of which seven are still living, their names being: Mrs. Richard B. Porter, Mrs. A. A. Shaw, Mrs. F. E. Higginbotham, Mrs. Edith Dee Mack, Mrs. George S. Barker, Mrs. Joseph F. Barker, and Lawrence T. Dee.

Judge Dee early became identified with the business life and the educational interests of Ogden city and Weber county, and for nearly forty years was a great factor in the growth and development of his home city and county. He was one of Ogden's public-spirited men, and his whole business career was singularly free from any blemish and consequent criticism. Personally, he was a man of broad mind, liberal in his views and most loyal to his friends. His family has closely followed him in his views as shown by the manner in which they have sought to perpetuate his memory. They are to be complimented on what they have accomplished. It is a source of congratulation that their laudable effort has not been permitted to be in vain because of financial difficulties, but that the hospital has been saved to the people, and the Memorial perpetuated for all time.

OGDEN, UTAH



MRS. R. B. PORTER

Joseph Smith, a Prophet of the Lord

BY SAMUEL DITTY, OF THE IRISH CONFERENCE

Why is the world not all agreed,
That Joseph Smith of "Mormon" creed,
Was raised to gather Israel's seed,
And by the Lord appointed;
And that the records which he found,
So near the surface of the ground,
And like a sacred volume bound,
Were hid by God's anointed?

And if the Gospel be restored,
Why is the statement so ignored,
And ridicule upon him poured,
And false insinuation?
For if a man assert a claim,
And proves it true, then, they're to blame,
Who do injustice to his name
Without investigation.

He may have been a prophet, too.
For all they know, or ever knew,
And if he was, then it is true
That he had revelation.
If that be so, then tell me why
Men should abuse him and deny
That God has spoken from on high
To every tongue and nation?

He like a prophet was abused,
His doctrines were by men refused,
And oft before the bar accused,—
But each time was acquitted;
And like the Christ whom men denied,
Though righteous yet was crucified,
So also he was slain, he died,
Yet this the world permitted.

Now did the Christian world not know
That Jesus said it would be so,
His prophets all must undergo
The vilest persecution?
This being what the world has willed,
Herein the Scriptures were fulfilled,
When wicked men God's Prophet killed,
By cowardly execution.

What folly, then, to think by crime
To end God's purpose and design,
For he has said in latter time
He will his judgments pour,
'Till murderers of the prophets all,
Trembling shall answer to his call,
And all who serve the "Beast" shall fall,
And fall to rise no more!—*Millennial Star.*

Where does the Sabbath Day Begin?

BY DR. GEORGE W. CROCKWELL

[Writing from Forest Dale, Utah, a reader of the ERA submitted the following question which was sent to the author for answer. In replying, he says: "I have tried to make the explanation explicit, and hope the reader will see the problem as clearly as I do."

An elder laboring as a missionary in the Western States Mission writes: "I have just finished reading George W. Crockwell's article on 'The Sabbath Day,' in the February number of the IMPROVEMENT ERA. I can say for it that it is the 'standby' the missionaries need on that subject. I only hope it will be printed in pamphlet form for the use of the missionaries in the near future." The question and the answer follow.—EDITORS.]

"In the February ERA there is an article on the proper day to observe the Sabbath. I have been in many places in my time, and I never arose yet, on a Sabbath morning, no matter how early, but I have discovered that other parts of the world has had Sunday long hours before I awoke. It is a well known fact that if we travel around the terrestrial ball in one direction, we will gain a day; and that if we go in an opposite direction we will lose one. Now, there must be some part of this globe where Saturday and Sunday are so closely connected that a second of time only, will part them, and from that short space of time the Sabbath day begins to evolve. Will you kindly inform me and others, through the ERA, in what part of the world the Sabbath day begins, and the reason that particular spot was chosen?"—B. B.

A day (twenty-four hours) is formed by one complete revolution of the earth, and in this twenty-four hours every part of the earth has had one complete day; and, as our question has to do with the Sabbath in both hemispheres, there has been the same Sabbath, only occurring or starting at the hour of midnight, which is calculated by the position of the earth in relation to the sun. As an illustration, the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, is formed by the sun being on the longitudinal meridian directly above us. If we go east, we find noon before the west, but it is the same noon; and if we should go west and travel fifteen degrees an hour, we would have a perpetual noon until we crossed the 180th meridian of longitude, in the Pacific Ocean, when we would have noon of the day after. Although there is no international date line, an irregular line is drawn somewhat arbitrarily on the map of the Pacific Ocean at or near the 180th degree meridian of longitude where navigators change their date, it being necessary to have a date line somewhere on the earth's surface, since it is impossible that the reckoning of days should go on unbroken round the earth with-

out a starting point. The *International Encyclopædia* says that there are two important reasons for choosing the 180-degree meridian of longitude:

1. It lies midway in the Pacific Ocean, and thus, far away from civilization.
2. It is exactly twelve hours from Greenwich.

I take it a better reason is: the day begins in the east and ends in the west; therefore, starting at twelve o'clock at night at the 180th degree of longitude, the day for that point will end at twelve o'clock the following night, or twenty-four hours later.

In answer to that portion of the question: "Now, there must be some part of this globe where Saturday and Sunday are so closely connected that a second of time, only, will part them, and from that short space of time the Sabbath day begins to evolve.

* * Will you kindly inform us in what part of the world the Sabbath begins?"

From the foregoing, taking into consideration the fact that the hour of the day or night is determined by the position of the earth in relation to the sun, we deduce the following: One second past twelve o'clock, midnight, Saturday night, wherever you may be, the Sabbath begins, for that longitude or locality on the earth's surface.

Two persons, starting from a given point to go around the earth, having made the circuit in twenty-four hours, will find two days' difference in their calendar. Why?

When a man goes toward the east, he is traveling with, or in the same direction as, the earth. He shortens the day four minutes for every degree of longitude he crosses, or one hour for every fifteen degrees. There are three hundred and sixty degrees around the earth, which, divided by fifteen, the number of degrees in an hour, equals twenty-four hours or one day.

If he goes west, he reverses the operation, and makes one more revolution than the earth does, therefore, loses one day in the calendar.

I wish to give credit to the *International Encyclopædia*, by Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers, subject, "International Date Line."

PORTLAND, OREGON

In one of the large cities a street-car collided with a milk-cart and sent can after can of milk splashing into the street. Soon a large crowd gathered. A very short man coming up had to stand on tip-toe to see past a stout woman in front of him.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed. "What an awful waste!"

The stout woman turned round and glared at the little man and said, sternly: "Mind your own business!"—*Harper's Magazine*.



THE OLD GUARD.

Reading from left to right: David McKenzie, Phil Margetts (lower), John T. Caine, Mrs. M. G. Clawson, H. B. Clawson. (Posed for the *Christmas News* of 1910. All have since passed away.)

The Story of the Salt Lake Theatre *

BY HORACE G. WHITNEY, DRAMATIC EDITOR OF "THE DESERET NEWS"

In Four Parts—Part III

The second epoch in "The Story of the Salt Lake Theatre" might be said to have ended with the death of President Brigham Young, which occurred in 1877. After 1872, the house had entered upon a new career. The old stock company began to disintegrate. The railroad had entered Salt Lake, business opportunities expanded, and many of the active men connected with the drama, turned to other channels. Z. C. M. I. had been founded with H. B. Clawson as its superintendent. John T. Caine went into public life and was elected to various positions, which finally culminated in his going to Congress. David McKenzie who, probably with most justice, can be called the dominating figure among the home players of those days, retired from acting, but occasionally took a hand in the management of the house.

Mr. McKenzie's later years were passed in the active service of the Church. He was a clerk in the office of the First Presidency, and was also president of the High Priests' Quorum of

*An address delivered before the Cleofan Society, January 27, 1915.

the old Salt Lake Stake, and later of the Pioneer Stake. He has often shown me an interesting book in which he had compiled a list of all the plays in which he ever appeared. He was also a rare narrator of some of the "green room legends" of the Salt Lake Theatre, and among others of his stories was one relating to the first production of "The Lonely Man of the Ocean." He told of the shipwreck scene in which he played the hero, and Nellie Colebrook the heroine. All the crew had been stricken down by yellow fever, the bodies of the sailors lay on deck, and he and the heroine were about to give up in despair, when on the horizon appeared a distant ship. The hero seized a match to fire a signal gun, exclaiming to the heroine, "Dear one, thou shalt yet be saved!" He applied the match to the cannon, but a faint sizzle was the only response. The cannon went on sputtering, the hero kneeling in agony. The property man, Charles Millard, who had loaded the cannon, stood in the wings, filled with equal anxiety.



JAMES M. HARDIE

A popular singer and actor of the '60s.

Finally, seeing that the cannon was not "going off," he whispered to McKenzie, "Touch her again." Again the sailor applied the match, whereupon the ingenious Millard fired a pistol in the wings. It was only a crack, but it sufficed, and McKenzie shouted "Our signal is heard. We are saved!" The curtain fell, and no sooner was the view of the audience shut out from the actors than the yellow fever victims on deck began to sit up and demand an explanation. Phil Margetts, one of the stricken sailors, was standing in front of the cannon, when "bang" it went off with a roar. The wad struck him in the back, and laid him flat, and re-bounding hit Bert Merrill in the hand, inflicting a wound whose effects he felt for several days. The audience, mystified at the explosion, sent a committee behind the curtain, to learn what the trouble was, and Mr. McKenzie himself had to appear and explain the reasons for the belated signal.

Stock Company Scatters

Annie (Asenath) Adams, the heroine to McKenzie's heroes, and with him immensely popular with the audiences of those days.

married James H. Kiskadden, in 1869. Her daughter, Maude Adams, was born November 11, 1872, and soon after her mother took her to the coast. The two returned to Salt Lake several times, as our narrative later will show, and it has often been narrated as a part of the history of the American stage, how Maude, at the age of nine months, was carried across the stage of our theatre on a platter, as a substitute for another infant suddenly incapacitated by a crying spell—her very first appearance on any stage. J. M. Hardie, by this time a fine romantic actor, went abroad to seek his fortune, and for years was heard of starring in this country and England. He died some years ago, and is buried in Liverpool. Sara Alexander also left the state to follow a professional life. She is now living in New York with her niece, Lisle Leigh, a well-known actress. John C. Graham went into the newspaper business and removed to Provo, where he acted occasionally, and died in 1906. Nellie Colebrook appeared only at rare intervals after 1874, and died some years ago. John Lindsay left and became a traveling star in the west, re-visiting the old playhouse at intervals with his daughters. He wrote his experiences in a book called *The Mormons and the Theatre*, which is full of interesting episodes. W. C. Dunbar, with John T. Caine and E. L. Sloan, founded the *Salt Lake Herald*, in 1870, and Dunbar, drollest of all our comedians, rarely appeared on the stage thereafter. Margaret Clawson retired to care for her rapidly growing family, and H. E. Bowring removed to Brigham City and died there. Henry Maiben, a delightful comedian and a rare Christian gentleman, only occasionally appeared, but once or twice came out of his retirement to play with the Home Club, in the '80s. Phil Margetts alone, of all the old players, remained almost constantly in the harness till age and illness incapacitated him. Long after his fellow players had retired, he formed various companies to support him in "Our Boys," "The Lancashire Lass," "The Charcoal Burner," "The Chimney Corner," and many others. He appeared in the Home Dramatic Club's production of



GEORGE M. OTTINGER

The veteran fire chief as the King, in "Hamlet."

"The Lights o' London," about 1887, and imparted all his old vigor and humor to his role, that of Joe Jarvis; when the fiftieth anniversary of the Theatre was celebrated, in 1912, though he was partially paralyzed, he was wheeled upon the stage, and from his chair, he delivered a selection from Shakespeare with a readiness and distinctness which told his mind was as clear as in his old histrionic days. He died in September, 1914, "the last of the Old Guard."

The Old Guard

And speaking of the "Old Guard"—I feel a personal pride in having been instrumental in bringing together, a few years ago, the five pioneer players known as "The Old Guard of the Drama in Utah," Messrs. Clawson, Caine, McKenzie, Margetts, and Mrs. Clawson, having them photographed in a group, and securing their personal memoirs. I realized it could only be a short time before all of them would receive the final call from the great manager who arranges all our entrances and exits. Each has since joined the "innumerable caravan." Their pictures will be found in the *Christmas News* of 1910, accompanied by the following notice:

"Those familiar with the history of the drama in Utah will not need to be told the names of the grand old quintet whose faces look forth from this page, or the distinguished part they played in the early history of the state. They are almost the sole links that connect us with the days of Nauvoo. Clawson, Caine, Margetts, McKenzie, and Margaret Clawson! What a pathway of achievements they can look back upon! What a stupendous total in the sum of general good is piled up to their credit! What a debt did the pioneers of Utah, for whose pleasure they toiled, owe to them! How many cares they vanquished, how many smiles they started, how many tears they wiped away, in the old days when the community was coming up through the hard processes of formation!"

"A joyful occasion it was, as may be imagined, when the five survivors of the old Deseret Dramatic Association (its official



MRS. M. BOWRING

As Lady Macbeth.

title) came together a few weeks since at the request of the management of *The Desert News* and posed before the camera for the picture shown on this page. It was the first time they had met in many years, and the greetings, the inquiries for each other's health and welfare, the solicitude for 'dear old Phil,' who still suffers from a paralytic stroke, and is helped in and out of the carriage by members of his family—all make up a delightful babel of sounds. What a flood of reminiscences is let loose! Mrs.



BERNARD SNOW

An actor of the early Social Hall and Theatre days.

Clawson, Mr. Margetts, and David McKenzie, three survivors of the once famous 'Under the Gaslight' cast, salute each other by their stage names. Who that beheld them can ever forget them—'Old Judas,' 'Byke' and 'Snorkey,' the one-armed soldier whom the villains tried to kill by tying him to the railroad track? Imagine the gentle-faced Aunt Margaret of today in that role or as Judy O'Trot! Bishop Clawson comes in a few minutes late, and his old time managerial associate, John T. Caine, austere informs him that he is docked \$2.00 for keeping the rehearsal waiting!

"Dear old John Graham; wouldn't he have liked to be here?" ruminates his old associate and fellow-comedian, Phil Margetts. Graham, the Bermudas of that 'Under the Gaslight' cast: how his image stands out! Lindsay, Hardie, Nellie Colebrook, Harry Bowring, W. C. Dunbar, Al Thorne, and a host of others whose names are now but a memory, come in for some mention or other, as the skein of recollections is unwound, and very tender, very gentle, grow the tones of the veterans, as the exchange of reminiscences goes around."

President Young's Interest

During all those years, President Brigham Young maintained the active, personal and almost affectionate regard that he always manifested for the theatre. In the middle and later seventies, when increasing responsibilities and advancing years told upon his energy, he attended the performances less frequently, but through his agents he kept in the closest touch with its affairs. Some idea

of his interest in and connection with the house, and of the respect and veneration with which the players regarded him, is obtained from the following selections:

In his interesting recollections of the early drama in Utah, contributed to the *Christmas News* some years ago, David McKenzie says:

"President Young was ardently devoted to theatrical entertainments, especially those of an amusing character. He said to the audience, on the opening night of the theatre: 'If I had my way I would never have a tragedy played on these boards. There



LEADING MEMBERS OF THE DESERET DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION

Standing (from left to right), David McKenzie, Phil Margetts, John S. Lindsay, James A. Thompson. Seated: Henry Maiben, Nellie Colebrook, Annie A. Adams. (This group was taken by Savage & Ottinger, in the later '60s. The only active member of the company missing is John C. Graham.)

is enough tragedy in every-day life, and we ought to have amusement when we come here!' He was equally interested in the art of dancing, but he deprecated waltzing.

"It was indispensable with him that all those entertainments should be conducted under the terms of the strictest morality. As early as 1854, he personally attended our rehearsals. He had his private carriage convey the lady actresses to and from the Social Hall on every occasion, so as to avoid the society that might embarrass them after the performances. Those rehearsals and dances were invariably opened with prayer. He sternly opposed the habits of smoking and drinking, and he insisted that the play-

house ought to be as sacred as the temple, and might be made so by the proper conduct of those who were engaged in them. He used every laudable means to inculcate those views, but President Young was no autocrat and his good counsels were not always enforced, although not altogether unheeded. Yet I know of several instances where improper conduct on the part of performers caused their instant dismissal."

John T. Caine, in his speech, Christmas night, 1862, said:

"For all the grandeur of conception, magnificence of design, and beauty of execution, which characterize everything that surrounds us here tonight, we are pre-eminently indebted to him who is ever foremost in every good work, the patron of the fine arts, the friend of the



JOHN C. GRAHAM

As Lord Dundreary, in "Our American Cousin."

industrious talent, and in the fullest and broadest sense the first citizen of Utah."

President Young, in the familiar arm-chair, in the body of the house, sat and listened to this encomium and we can well imagine the applause which followed.

Mrs. Adams' Reminiscences

Mrs. Annie Adams Kiskadden once said, in an article contributed to the *Christmas News*, entitled "Green Room Memories:"

"Our first nights in those days were very interesting events. Though the city was small, we often played to audiences that filled every portion of the house, and sometimes our



MRS. A. A. ADAMS
Mother of Maude Adams, in 1868.

plays ran a week. Our audiences always included Church leaders, with President Brigham Young at the head; the judges, the territorial officials sent out from Washington, and often the military from Fort Douglas. The figure of President Young, seated at the end of a bench in a large arm-chair, is as clearly before me while I write, as though it were yesterday. He was a great critic of the drama, and was very particular as to the class of plays that the company presented. He often dropped in on us at rehearsals, and frequently went over the house from top to bottom to see whether it was kept in order."

Sara Alexander is quoted in the *Christmas News*, a few years ago, as saying:

"There is no other theatre



W. C. DUNBAR

Famous comedian, vocalist, and bagpipe performer; also one of the founders of the Salt Lake Herald.



J. M. SIMMONS

Pioneer actor, as Alonzo in "Pizzaro."

built in these days just as 'comfy' as the old Salt Lake Theatre, and no stock company was ever quite so homelike and jolly as that we belonged to, and as for the stage, President Young knew more about the needs of a large stage than any manager now living."

Lambourne's Tribute

Alfred Lambourne, in his *Playhouse*, tells of his first meeting with President Brigham Young as follows:

"It was upon the Scene-Painter's Gallery that the writer first met Brigham Young. It was of a late afternoon in autumn; the rehearsal for that night's play was over, the Scene-Painter's brush was moving rapidly upon the broad spread of

canvas before him, and he thought himself alone. Anon was heard the sound of firm, yet almost inaudible footsteps upon the gallery stairs. Then the maker appeared, and it was the President, the great 'Mormon' leader. Unheralded he had come upon a tour of inspection. Brigham Young was famed for completeness; he possessed a genius for details. Carefully the President examined each water tank, each barrel of salt. He ap-



MAUDE ADAMS IN GIRLHOOD DAYS—ABOUT 1890

peared to think that day, of the Playhouse's danger from fire. He broke, with the end of his gold-headed cane, the thick crusts that had formed over the tops of the barrels of salt. I watched him shake his head and compress his lips; there came a frown upon his face. His orders for safety, one could see, had been

neglected, he did a labor which should have been remembered and performed by others. No doubt someone would be reprimanded. I have always believed that during the handshake that came a few minutes later, the 'Moses of the West' 'sized me up,' as we are wont to say, spiritually, mentally and physically, with those steady, keen and searching eyes."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Anticipation

(Thoughts translated from hymn 208, Danish Hymn Book.)

Think, O my soul, when clouds are disappearing,
The gloomy mists of life are fled and gone,
What promised rest for all is sweetly nearing—
When Jesus shall forever be our sun.

When earthly riddles all are solved and straightened,
The anxious whys and wherefores are explained,
God's boundless grace each weary soul will lighten,
As concepts of his hidden ways are gained.

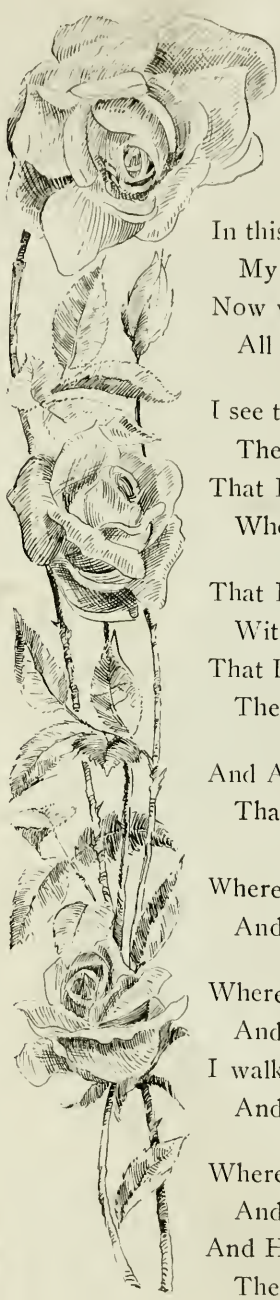
Think of the time when, with the clearest vision,
We'll see our Savior whom we here believed
And loved and worshiped. O what fond transition,
When, blest and saved, by him we'll be received!

Our trembling feet his shepherd care has guided,
He blotted out our sins—how great his love!
To test our faith, our souls he often chided;
What joy when we shall meet him there above!

Think of departed ones, their joyous greeting,
When earthly strife and trials all are past;
The glorious morn that brings the blessed meeting,
Where peace and harmony forever last!

Think, further, when, in temple halls of glory,
With angels we shall praise our Lord supreme,
Converse with friends upon the gospel story,
And of this life, which vanished like a dream!

To those who, faithful, in this world are striving,
And through Christ's power have entered through "the door,"
These joys shall come—hope constantly reviving,—
When freed and saved, they'll live forevermore!



A Dream of the Lands

Verses from the poem, "The Rose of Love."

BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE

In this Full time, this Hey-day of the Year,
My Soul, accordant with the Fairness wrought,
Now with the Queenly Roses owns the Sphere,
All Earth is Mine in Luxury of Thought.

I see the Fair Ones where 'mid Northern Hills
The wild Cicada from the Vine is heard;
That Beauty of the South my Vision fills,
Where Sings in Ecstasy the Mocking-bird.

That Isle so Verdant fair before me Lies—
Within the Soul old Melody awakes—
That Dewy land where Form with Feature vies,
The Rose-like Beauties by Killarney's Lakes.

And Albion with Streams and Meadows bright
That Laugh and Smile beneath the Skies of
Gray,
Where Roses still are Rivals—Red and White—
And English Maids are Fresh and Fair as they.

Where Grew the Roses of the Long Ago,
And where, Red-hearted, open now Love's Flowers,
I walk in Paths by many a gray Chateau,
And in quaint Gardens by old Castle towers.

Where o'er the River sound the Lorelei's notes,
And Moonlit rocks above the Waters rise,
And Hail, as yet the dying Echo floats,
The Maids of Rhineland with their Love-lit Eyes.

And in Castile I Mingle in the Throng
Where bright Sierras o'er fair Cities shine ;
Where Spain's old Towers hath Tagus mirrored long,
And Roses o'er the Moorish lattice twine.

Where Fountains in the Court of Lions play,
The Lovers of Grenada plead their Suits ;
And as of old the Roses drip with spray,
Where Moorish Damsels held their Silver lutes.

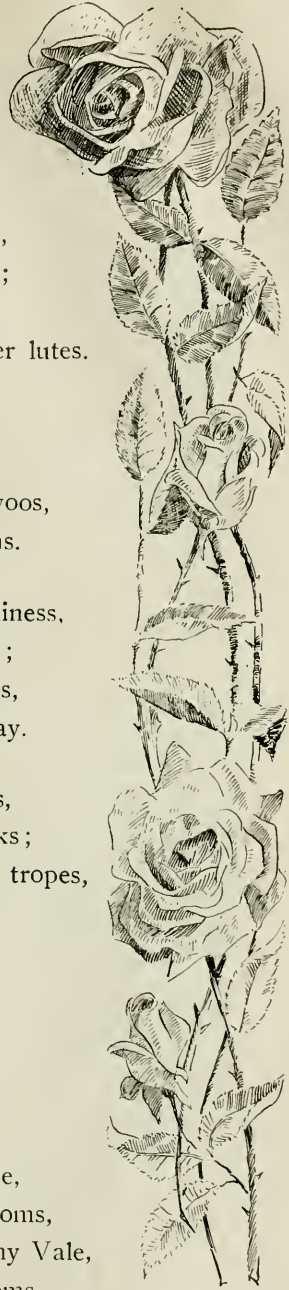
O those Bright scenes Imagination views,
Bohemia and where the Danube runs,
Where by his fire the Dark-browed Lover woos,
The wild-eyed Gypsy Maiden of the Suns.

And Mine, this Hour, those Scenes of Loveliness,
Where Sunny Naples looks across the Bay ;
Where Roses still the Sculptured Graces press,
And gentle wavelets Laugh in summer play.

And now the Verdant glades and Ivièd slopes,
Where Peneus its rest through Tempe seeks ;
Where once the rapt Hellene composed his tropes,
That Vale of Thessaly beloved of Greeks.

The sighing of low Summer winds I hear,
As swaying Roses edge the bending Corn,
See slender, pale, the Moonlit columns near,
The Minarets that grace the Golden Horn.

Always the Tale that's told is Love's old Tale,
In lands where Roses fret the Cypress glooms,
Where Behat winds through Cashmir's sunny Vale,
In old Damascus where the Rose yet blooms.



To Soothe the Savage Breast

How a Musician Conquered the Boys

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS

The young hoodlums of Red Horse Bend were out for a lark. A lark is not what it is generally supposed to be. Thus much it is necessary to say for the benefit of those who do not live in Red Horse Bend. But in this respect a lark is not peculiar. Nothing in Boyville is what it is supposed to be. A lark resembles little that is in the heavens above, on the earth beneath, nor yet, as we might be led to believe from the nature of the phrase, in the waters underneath the earth. Only a boy can have a lark. Whoever heard of a grown man or of a girl having a lark? Not even Jules Verne imagined such a thing. But how could a single boy have a lark? Clearly the thing is impossible, like an intelligent American jury. It takes more than one boy to have a lark, and the more the better. And then, too, larks vary in size. The hoodlums of Red Horse Bend were out for a big lark.

There were twenty of them. Now, twenty toughs can make things a good deal livelier than, say, nineteen. Especially if they live in Red Horse Bend and are out after larks. There was young Sykes, for instance. He was eighteen. He had experienced all the emotions of Larkdom—from merely riding innocently through the streets raising dust and cane and yelling like a Comanche, to picking the heads off the farmers' laying hens—Sykes could always tell a laying hen—with a Colt's six-shooter, and riding his horse into the saloon at Mudville when the constable was looking for him in his native haunts. That was one extreme. At the other end of the line-up was he whom the fellows called Snooks. He was called Snooks because the name he went by in the family circle was Frank. Snooks was only fourteen. He contented himself with gathering courage and energy from a crowd. Likewise he admired the spectacular performances of his more daring chief and looked forward hopefully to the time when he might imitate them in a small way. For Sykes was unique—like the man who could hit a bull's eye. And then there were all the degrees between. Oly, who had been named Moroni, after—a long time after—the Book of Mormon general, because his father had been called out by Brigham Young to guard the mail route—Oly could pass along the dusty thoroughfares of Red Horse Bend with the celerity of greased lightning, but he balked at exchanging carriage wheels and removing wagon burs. In the case of Spickety, whose natural

appellation was an unromantic John, the line was carefully drawn at riding into the Mudville saloon. The other sixteen had equally discriminating taste—except when alone.

The toughs of Red Horse Bend always wound up their night's escapades with an unannounced visit to Theodore Thunderbust. That was not his real name, either. But whoever went by his true name in Boyville, whether he belonged to the elect or not? One reason they called him Thunderbust was that that was not his name. And another reason lay in the fact that he was the opposite of a thunderbust—whatever that may be.

Aurelius Edersheim, for that was what he went by when his name was presented before the ward as leader of the choir, was a German, as one might easily guess from his name. A thin, wiry little man, his one distinguishing characteristic was a fringe of reddish hair just below a huge bald spot. This border ornament he always kept long. The truth is that at one time he wore a Paderewski topnot, but the upper part had prematurely disappeared—burnt off, the boys declared. And if the whole truth must be known, it was that fringe, joined with the color, that was poor Edersheim's undoing. Moreover, he had a fiery temper, which, in the presence of the toughs of the Bend, had exploded more than once. The boys were always provoking another explosion for that reason. On their periodical visits to him he would come out, after a time,—it always took time to lead up to the explosion—and with flourishings and gesticulations and more noise than you would expect from so small a body, he danced about angrily on the rickety old platform that served as a front porch to his lumber shack. All of which was immensely amusing. If they had finished their business early in the night, the Red Horse Benders made their appearance at Thunderbust's about eleven o'clock. But late or early, they were sure to appear.

Tonight they came early. Their other affairs hadn't turned out as they had planned. Old Skeezics—he had another name, too—had come out of the house with an army of dogs before the fellows could so much as get a hand on a ripe watermelon. Then, besides, old Spoopindyke—everybody was "old" in the Bend—had literally camped in his new buggy with a shotgun, loaded, the boys knew, with the genuine article, for he had a reputation which he tried to live up to. So they had to shy his premises. And it was too late by this time to string wires across the board sidewalk in the quarter of the town known as the Street. They therefore turned to the old pasture. Theodore Thunderbust's temperament and nerves could always be depended upon. Not once in all the years had they been disappointed.

Their usual mode of announcing their approach was by the ingenious device known as the tick-tack. One lad—usually it was Sykes, for the thing required art as well as courage—walked

gingerly up to the front window, held to the glass a well-milled spool, and pulled a yard or so of twine in jerks of various lengths. The result was a sound which would have astonished the inventors of the approved instruments for rending the air. This delicate task performed, the perpetrator would retire to a safe distance. Whereupon the band would strike up.

It is extremely doubtful whether there was ever such a band. The music began with the tender and soothing strains of the jews-harp, accompanied by a subdued thrumming on a small tin lard-can. Three mouth-organs in as many different keys came in at the proper moment. The lard-cans accompanying these instruments were of the same make as the others, but larger. A third variety of instrument consisted of seven trumpets, such as Santa Claus throws down the chimney on Christmas night, and four tin whistles. Here the accompaniment was three five-gallon oil cans. The rest of the crowd of musicians employed themselves with a chorus in a species of language, composed, perhaps I should say invented, for the occasion, and heard only in serenades on the volcanic Theodore. Clearly this aggregation of young men possessed a delicately trained ear and had withal a sense of propriety that was truly touching!

They blew, they beat, they twanged, they sang till they were out of wind. Then, in sheer exhaustion, they paused. There was absolute silence for the space that it takes a Salt Lake City street worker to move a shovelful of earth. The following whispored colloquy occurred—

“Aw, the guy ain’t to home!”

“Course ’e is! Can’t ye see the light?”

“Shut up—he’ll hear you!”

“Let’s give ’im another! He’s applaudin’ silent for an apple-core!”

And thereupon the selection was repeated with additional flourishes—all except the prelude on the window pane. That was too risky, for there was no telling what might come of it.

No Theodore Thunderbust! What could be the matter? They felt something akin to insult. They had never been cheated here before! That he was at home there could be no lingering doubt. May be he was meditating! He had been known to meditate. They would better look sharp. Meantime, they kept up their concert till they were almost out of breath again. At last the obstinate Aurelius came out!

The appearance of Edersheim was the signal for what is known to musicians as a crescendo run—only, the run was a gallop on the level instead of uphill. Whether through lack of breath or because they had all got the same idea at the same time, will never be known. At any rate, they presently stopped short.

staring at the slender figure before them as they had previously stared at the door.

The amusing Thunderbust was not amusing any more. He was not trying to be amusing. On the contrary, he wore what was intended for a smile—something wholly unprecedented in him. He did not raise a hand, he did not raise a voice, in protest. It was unbelievable.

"I blay you a tune!" he said, going into the house.

He came out again with a chair in one hand and a violin in the other. And there, the moonlight shining full on his face, he played in such a way as put the twenty hoodlums into a trance. He had been first violinist, and then leader, in a famous Berlin orchestra. He therefore knew how to play as the Western valleys had never heard. The notes rose and fell in the moonlit night in a confusion of melody which the same tones could never have produced in another setting. The very contrast from what the boys expected would of itself have produced a silence, which the strains of the sweetest of all instruments took advantage of to steal upon their surprised spirits.

The single tune finished, the enchanted crowd clapped their approval and demanded more. But the musician invited them into the shanty.

The night was full of surprises. They looked questioningly at one another. This was going some. Was the old blatherskite going to lure them into his trap of a house and then set fire to it?

"Come an!" he ordered brokenly.

But nobody would venture forth. They continued to stare at one another. They challenged one another. They bawled one another out. One would have thought who did not know the innocence of Edersheim, that he was placing before them the alternative of certain death.

At last the heroic figure of Sykes broke away from the gang. Dropping his five-gallon oil can, he dashed ahead with mock indifference, crying back to the others, "Come on, fellows!"

And they all filed into the small house with an air of defying the Fates, as who should say, "If the house is to be blowed up, he'll be blowed up, too!"

"How you vould like to play in de band?" Edersheim asked, looking around on the crowd of apprehensive boys. "I teach you."

There was a spontaneous show of twenty sets of white teeth.

"I mean it!" the little man went on. "You could learn. You like music—no?"

With evident thoughts of the instruments still outside, the boys chorused a loud horse laugh.

But the choir leader persisted. "You could take the cornet and you de trombone," he said, going through the list of band in-

struments, pointing out flourishingly a boy each time, and making with his hands the motions of playing each instrument as he named it.

The only result of this piece of musical dramatics was a series of remarks from the boys, the upshot of which was to show how this, that or the other fellow would look blowing this, that or the other instrument, accompanied each time by vociferous jibes and laughter.

"Ned would rather play the jewsharp," said one. "Do they have jewsharps in a band?"

And another, "Sykes would blow himself through the hole in one of them brass effects, wouldn't he?" He appealed to the rest for confirmation.

Shot after shot after this fashion was fired, Aurelius laughing with the boys. He did not lose patience. He waited till all the shots were sent to lodge where they might, and the ammunition bag was empty. Then he ventured—

"Sure! I teach you anything! Vat you say?"

He looked appealingly at Sykes. Sykes, in fact, looked the leader. Besides, the musician may have observed that he had led the boys into the house. There is really no essential difference between humans and sheep on the inside. Aurelius Edersheim knew this—none better. So he addressed the gang leader. Sykes thereupon made an elaborate show of reflection, was accordingly laughed at, and therefore rebuked the offenders for doing so. Presently he said—

"All right, we join the band!"

This decision was noisily applauded.

"Good!" cried the little man, "dat's right—you vill like it very much, I am sure."

"When shall we start the band?" one of the boys wanted to know.

"Right away—soon you get the instruments."

"Couldn't we use our old ones?" some one broke out afresh.

With the least encouragement another bombardment of bucolic wit and humor would have occurred, but it was immediately quelled by a stern, "You guys, shut up!" from the leader.

The question of the instruments brought up the first real difficulty of the evening, and with this first difficulty the boys settled down to business at once as they had never done before. Where was the money to come from? That was a grave question.

Several plans were proposed. One of the boys suggested that they pass round a subscription paper, as was done when the Thompson house burned down. The musician proposed that a series of ward entertainments be gotten up for the purpose for which a small admission be charged. Skyes settled the matter, how-

ever, when he said that every guy was to buy his own instrument and that this band was not to be beholden to anybody outside.

"I ain't got nothin' to raise money on!" three objected.

"Get somethin'!" was the answer.

It remained only for Edersheim now to ascertain how many and what instruments were needed and how much they would cost. Then the fellows went home, each one as he passed out solemnly shaking hands over the matter with both Sykes and the musician in token that "you haf—vat you say—ratify?"

The boys found the matter of raising the money even easier than they had expected. Every one was eager to help them. But all aid the boys steadfastly refused to accept. They had given their word to their chief. However, they found readier buyers for their wares and more money than they could have obtained otherwise. Sykes sold his horse. It was, he said, like getting rid of his eye teeth. But he delivered the animal to its new owner and received seventy-five dollars in his hand. Others also disposed of their horses. Still others sold crops which they had done extra work for and which they were expecting to sell for quite different purposes. Three of the boys, as they themselves had already confessed, had nothing of their own which they could turn into money. But they worked at odd hours for their neighbors in order to raise their share. Even then they had to be helped by some of the other fellows who had been able to raise more than their allotment. It was a joyous day when the instruments were sent for with money that had been so hardly earned.

Never before had there been such a winter spent in Red Horse Bend! Skeezi had no more to tie his hounds—purchased for the occasion—round his haystack, lest at any moment in the night the earnings of a whole summer might go up to the sky in smoke. Spoopindyke no more camped in his buggy of an evening or took it piecemeal into the kitchen in order to be sure he could set his eyes on it in the morning. Aurelius Edersheim, when he was not at choir practice or training the boys in the mysteries of the wind instrument, could lie down to quiet slumbers with absolute assurance that no disturbance would be likely to occur more violent than his own snoring. Even the Mudville saloon, which had no license either from the town council or the invisible powers of the air to exist utterly free from molestation, went on as quietly as if it had been an undertaking establishment in name as well as in reality.

Instead, twenty young, wild men were wrestling with brass things that would not accommodate themselves to their hands with anything like the ease which bridle reins had been wont to do. The long winter nights sped by for them in sweat and bulging cheeks and tousled hair. It was incredibly hard, but the boys stuck to their task with a perseverance worthy of young men who

had done what they had. They made headway, of course, but slowly. They had to.' For every practice night—and that was every night when the meetinghouse was not otherwise occupied—the place was filled with interested spectators. There was so little in Red Horse Bend to amuse the young folks that this was a scene of perpetual wonder and delight both to them and to the older ones. And the boys felt that under the eyes of so interested and sympathetic a crowd they could not but do their best.

It was not till the next summer, however, that Red Horse Bend fully sensed the change that had come over the community by reason of the work the choir leader had done for the boys, and their full pride in the town. And the event that brought it to this realizing sense was the Fourth of July celebration.

The celebration was held at Red Horse Bend. It would have been held at any one of five other places but for the fact that Red Horse Bend had a band. For the six communities joined in the festivities. The band at once raised Red Horse Bend to the greatest importance among the villages of Moon Valley. At the celebration everything done paled into insignificance compared with the Brass Band. What was the Declaration of Independence by comparison, to the reading of which no one paid the slightest attention amid the crying of babies, the vociferous demands of the lemonade man outside who wanted to be patronized, Declaration or no Declaration, and the incessant chatter of Red Horse Benders telling their neighbors of the virtues of a Brass Band? What was even the Fourth of July oration, that followed and that would be printed in the *Moon Valley Standard* next Saturday, delivered in shirtsleeves and all the furniture removed for a distance of eight feet from the speaker so that his oratorical powers might have free play? The address of the school master in Red Horse Bend was different. It was about the band. For that the crying babies were given their dinner whether they needed it or not, the lemonade man was squelched by a special messenger sent out there with that end in view, and the speech took the place of the most extravagant eulogy any other Red Horse Bender would be able to give the most eager listener.

The orator told of the boys' escapades before that fateful night, of the inspiration that came so suddenly to the little choir leader, of the way in which the young men had bought their own instruments, and of how they had persevered in the task of mastering their instruments. Aurelius wept like a child at the recital of his own virtues—virtues which even he, let alone the village, little dreamed that he possessed but which, now they were pointed out so eloquently, both he and they were sure he possessed in abundance. Never had the little man been appreciated like that before. As for the boys, the school master was equally fervent and eloquent in praising them. Music had transformed their

lives. They had, by way of music, become interested in many other things that never would have reached them otherwise. He ended with—

“I propose three cheers for the Band,—hip-hip!”

In which he was followed lustily by eight hundred voices, including the babies—who had momentarily abandoned their dinner for the purpose.

Clouds of Summer

Silken soft clouds,
That sail through the blue,
Turn your ear earthward,
I've a message for you.

Your flight is so noiseless
We scarcely would know
You float free above us,
So silent, so slow!

Oft I've watched you in awe,
As you drifted along;
Your passing a poem,
Your beauty, a song!

Our lives have been brightened
By your redolent red:
Beautified, and enriched,
O friends, overhead!

Our burdens were lightened
Because of your gold.
So dream not, O sailor,
Your story's untold.

Our souls have been whitened,
By striving to blend
In self with white purity,
Like thine, passing friend.

At times we were frightened
By your black or your gray;
'Twas but warning you gave us
To be humble alway.

Then think not, O rover,
Your lesson's untaught;
The world is far better,
And ye are not forgot.

So sail on forever,
Through heaven's deep blue,
For we will be happy,
With memories of you.



TROOP 3, M. I. A. SCOUTS, NINTH WARD, OGDEN, MARCH 24, 1915

A Hike to the Yellowstone

BY ROBERT E. WILSON, SCOUT MASTER

[Dr. John H. Taylor, M. I. A. Scout Commissioner, Salt Lake City, Utah, has received the following interesting report of the doings of Troop 3, Ninth Ward M. I. A. Scouts of Ogden. Other troops and patrols will be interested in the narrative.—EDITORS.]

DEAR BROTHER TAYLOR: As per your request I take pleasure in submitting a report of Scout work in the Ninth ward, Weber stake, Ogden, started in October, 1913, when Mutual commenced. At our first meeting we had only five boys, and it appeared, as far as the Junior class was concerned, that Mutual would be a failure. After giving the matter careful thought, we decided that Scout work was our only salvation, and decided to put our best efforts in that direction. Some of our friends told us it was impossible to have a Junior class as there were not enough boys in the ward, but through hard work, by Christmas we had forty boys enrolled. By February, the number had grown to eighty-three, and we now have ninety-three boys enrolled. Some of the boys, though not members of the Church, are yet active both in Mutual and Scout work. We found it impossible to do justice to Mutual and Scout work on the regular Mutual evening, and the boys demanded an extra evening for Scout work. Their request was granted, and we had an average attendance of seventy-five active

boys. It was the Scout work that attracted them, but we made them feel that in order to become good Scouts, the Mutual lessons must be prepared; and, pleased to say, we had very few failures. After Mutual was discontinued for the summer, the boys requested that Scout meetings be kept up; but, as a good many boys left town, our attendance fell off somewhat, still the average was fifty.

In January, 1914, a trip was proposed to the Yellowstone National Park, with the understanding that the boys earn the money themselves. The main object of the trip was to encourage them to work, during the summer, and to save their money. I must say the success was far beyond our expectations. Nearly every boy found something to do, and instead of spending his earnings foolishly, his money was put away. Boys who had never worked or saved before were the most enthusiastic. It might be well to tell you some of the work they did: Four boys contracted with different people to cut and keep their lawns in shape. Two boys agreed to dig a cellar. Several secured jobs as paper carriers. Others picked fruit, made fruit boxes, worked in the canning factories, acted as delivery and messenger boys; and two carried water for construction gangs. One boy, whose parents are well-to-do, who had never worked before, took a job scraping mortar from bricks taken from an old building. This boy worked on main street eight hours a day; and, although it was a man's work, he stayed with it and won out. The only disagreeable part was that a number of boys who worked hard could not go, as the money was needed for supporting the family. Two brothers in particular put in a garden and between selling vegetables and running errands, earned enough money for the trip; but, at this time their father was called on a mission, and the boys, without complaint, turned the money over to him. Such actions are commendable character builders. There were some boys, of course, who took no interest in the matter, but out of eighty-three boys, sixty worked all summer and saved their money. Only twenty-five, however, took the trip through the park. The cost to each boy was \$32.50, besides an extra \$6.20 for uniforms and equipment. The entire amount of money the twenty-five boys earned was \$980.

Regarding our trip through the Park, it was most wonderful, something never to be forgotten. We left Ogden, Saturday morning August 16, and returned August 29. The trip on the train was very pleasant, the officials of the Oregon Short Line Railroad Company making a special effort to have everything comfortable. They furnished us with a private car, and an agent to look after the boys' wants. As it was the first time many of the boys were outside of Utah, not a thing was missed enroute. We had a few hours' stop in St. Anthony, giving the boys a chance

to see the wonderful Snake River. Arriving at Yellowstone, the next morning, we had breakfast got our equipment together, and hiked to our first camping place, about ten miles distant.

To tell what happened each day would be a story in itself. Out of one hundred sixty-six miles we hiked one hundred sixteen, taking in everything to be seen. We did not have a sick boy during the entire trip. Every morning we were on the march before the stage coaches had been over the road, and it was all kinds of fun tracking the different wild animals. The road was covered with tracks of all descriptions, such as bear, deer, elk, buffalo, coyotes, lynx, otter, fox, badgers, beavers, marten, mink, muskrat and many varieties of rabbits, squirrels and chipmunks. What made it more intensely interesting was the fact that at any moment we might encounter some of the wild animals. One morning, we ran across a bear. Some of the boys gave chase, but the bear made one dash for the river and was on the other side, before they realized what had happened. As we got farther into the Park, the animals became more numerous, especially the bears. Most of the boys kept an account of how many different animals they saw, and one day we counted thirty seven bears alone.

To some of the boys the animals and birds were the most interesting, while others enjoyed the wonders, the geysers and different formations. Our Bishop, W. O. Ridges, and Stake Scout Commissioner, Arthur Halverson, accompanied us, as well as Dr. J. G. Lind, the noted geologist. Dr. Lind was able to explain the different wonders, making it more interesting and instructive.

The boys conducted themselves as Scouts, and did not hesitate to let people know they were "Mormon" boys from Utah. They made many friends; in fact, some of the boys are still corresponding with people whom they met. They did not forget the Scout motto, "Be prepared." I will give one instance: we were spending the afternoon at the Lake; some of the boys were fishing, some boating, while others were hunting bears that they might take their pictures. While six of the boys were passing the hotel, they noticed an elderly lady who seemed to be in distress, and although there were several hundred people passing to and fro, the boys were the first to notice her condition. They hurried to her aid, and were just in time to catch her from falling. While two of them supported her, one went for a chair, one ran for the hotel nurse. Other people who had arrived on the scene offered her whiskey. One of the boys objected, saying that it would do more harm than good, that what she needed was aromatic spirits of ammonia; in the meantime, the nurse arrived and was quite indignant when she saw they intended giving whiskey. She administered aromatic spirits of ammonia. It seemed that the high altitude had affected the old lady, and for awhile she was in a

serious condition. That evening her husband, who was a Civil war veteran, having served with General Sherman, visited our camp, and with tears in his eyes thanked the boys for what they had done.

Another time a forest fire broke out and the soldiers called on the Scouts to help fight it. Although they were very tired, having traveled twenty-two miles, besides climbing to the top of Mount Washburn, elevation 10,500 feet, every boy was eager to go, but as luck would have it, a rain storm came up and their services were not needed.

This summer, we are planning a trip to Bear Lake. Our intentions are to take the train to Logan, and after "taking in" Cache Valley, hike through Logan canyon to the Lake, then, after spending a week there, return by way of Soda Springs and Gentile Valley. The boys have already earned some money for the trip, and through the kindness and help of the Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, we hope by August to have enough money to take fifty boys along. Through what this company calls the "Troop Finance Plan," a troop of Scouts can easily earn enough money to pay all expenses for a summer's camping trip. The Curtis Publishing Company certainly are to be commended for the work they are doing for the Scouts. They boost and help the boys on every hand. They have already presented our troop with a beautiful flag, besides giving prizes to three different boys; the first a year's subscription to *Boys' Life*, second, a scout ax, third, a flash light. If any of the troops desire to investigate this plan, a card addressed to the Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, will bring full information.

Some of our boys are working on a different proposition. They are making a house to house canvass for extracts and spices. These goods are put up by the Ogden Pharmacal company, which pays the boy a good percentage on all orders taken. When a boy takes an order, he turns it over to some grocer, who in turn delivers it to the party giving the order. Some of the boys are doing well in this work, and although there is little profit in it for the company, they are doing all in their power to help the boys, for, as the manager expressed it, he wants to see every Scout have a bank account. Last December our boys sent \$10 to the Belgian Boy Scouts, from money earned in this way.

In closing, I wish to say that I consider Scouting one of the greatest movements ever introduced among boys. It reaches a class to which nothing else appeals, so strongly. If the work is taken up in the proper spirit, the boys will do their part, for they seem anxious to be enlisted in a good cause. Those who take up the work will never regret it, for the joy and satisfaction more than repays them for their efforts.

OGDEN, UTAH

Pioneers and Pioneering in Southeastern Utah

BY JOSEPH F. ANDERSON, DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY AND SOCIAL SCIENCE, MILLARD COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL

In Two Parts—Part I

The recent spectacular uprising of the Indians in the region of the "four corners," where Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico meet, has turned the eyes of the whole country to southeastern Utah. The newspapers and magazines of the country at



JENS NIELSON

large have deluged their readers with strange tales of this remote American frontier. Even volumes of fiction have made their early appearance with Tse-Ne-Gat and other aboriginal renegades as leading characters.

Often the press reports and magazine matter have failed to do justice to the sterling white inhabitants of the San Juan country, and have attempted to show them in an uncomplimentary light. A review of the pioneering of that isolated region, and a look into the lives and conduct of its sturdy settlers will dissipate any impression that those people are a lot

of uncouth "cow punchers" who are responsible for the uprising of the natives.

The idea of establishing a settlement somewhere near the "four corners" originated with that master colonizer, Brigham

Young, and was publicly made known in 1878, at a "district or stake conference, held at St. George. Shortly afterward eighteen young men were called to form an exploring party to make a preliminary trip into the then wild and almost unknown region. Most of the members of the party were from Parowan and Cedar City. In the list are many well known names. Captain Silas S. Smith was made leader of the expedition and proved to be resourceful, safe and brave. With him were his five sons, Silas, Jr., John A., Jesse, Stephen A., and Albert. Other members of the party were James Adams, H. H. Harriman and family, George Hobbs, J. B. Decker, Isaac Allan, Adelbert McGregor, Hanson Bayles, P. R. Butt, Z. Decker, Nelson Dalley, John C. Dalton, Robert C. Bullock, John C. Duncan, John T. Gower, Thomas Bladen, George Perry, George Urie, Kumen Jones, H. J. Nielson, J. S. Davis and family, John Butler and Hamilton Thornton. Most of these people became subsequent pioneer settlers at Bluff.

These seasoned men of the desert did the work of exploration most thoroughly, but it was an undertaking to daunt the stoutest heart. Many hundreds of miles of the roughest country in the world were to be traversed. For the most part it was a trackless, unexplored wilderness of lofty mesas, abysmal canyons, tortuous arroyas, sheer cliffs, scorching sands and barren, rocky uplands, inhabited only by wild animals and hostile Indians.

The party headed southward into Arizona, making side trips in all directions as they advanced, and making a great many preliminary locations for the proposed settlement. After much difficulty in making roads and crossing the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, the travel-worn cavalcade reached the Moencoppie branch of the Little Colorado, at a point where Tuba City now is. This was made the base of operations for many side explorations. They knew nothing of what kind of country lay before them or what obstacles might be encountered.

With the bravery of men led by faith, and with the keen interest felt at entering the unknown, they turned northeastward.



K. JONES

The first superintendent of schools for San Juan county, and the present bishop of Bluff. He was a young man with the first colony, and has ever since been active in religious and civic affairs. He is proprietor of the Bluff Co-op. store.

They knew that they were in a country where they might travel for days without the good fortune of encountering even a "pocket" of stagnant, green water, in the rocks, to quench their burning thirst; and more than once extreme danger from scarcity of water threatened them. Their animals, too, had to be fed, and often the desert became distressingly niggardly of its grass offering.

Finally, upon reaching the San Juan River, near the point of its junction with Montezuma Creek, the little band found what



FIRST SCHOOLHOUSE AND CHURCH IN BLUFF, ERECTED 1880.

This building served as ward meetinghouse, amusement hall, and district school, from 1880 until 1893. This picture was obtained just as the building was to be taken down. The men are: (1) F. A. Hammond, San Juan stake president; (2) Platte D. Lyman, first counselor, stake presidency; (3) Jens Nielson, bishop Bluff ward; (4) James B. Decker, superintendent Sunday School, San Juan stake; (5) K. Jones, first counselor to Bishop Nielson.

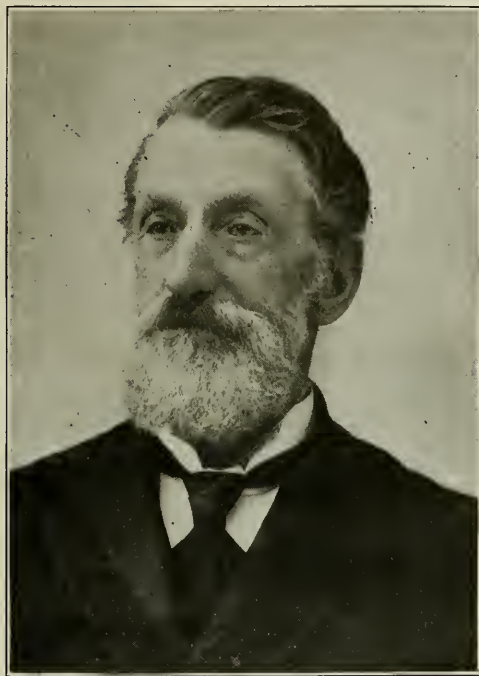
it thought to be the most favorable site for a settlement in the great "San Juan Mission." It is the present site of Bluff, the first settlement in southeastern Utah.

All but four or five of the explorers then made their way back home, going by way of the Blue Mountains, passing "Little Grand" (Now Moab), fording the Grand and the Green rivers, threading Castle Valley and Sevier Valley, crossing to Beaver and thence to their homes in Cedar City and Parowan, after many months of wandering.

Quoting from notes on this period:

In direct travel we made nine hundred miles, not counting side trips or explorations from the camp on San Juan river. We had made two hundred seventy-five miles of new road, maintained friendly and pleasant relations with all Indians and white men met on the way. Good order and discipline were maintained, and kind, pleasant and friendly feelings prevailed. Religious devotions were observed, on the Sabbath, and each evening, during the week, sacred or sentimental music was engaged in, and the activities of the day were closed with prayer.

The general move of the settlers of the "San Juan Mission" began in the fall of 1879, when two hundred twenty-five people



FRANCIS A. HAMMOND

Born Nov. 21, 1822, Long Island, New York. Followed the sea until 1847, when he came from the Sandwich Islands to San Francisco, where he joined the Church by baptism, on the last day of the year. He came to Utah, after digging gold on "Mormon" Island, in September, 1848, and married Mary Jane Dilworth, the first schoolteacher in Utah, the following Nov. 17. They went on a mission to the Sandwich Islands in 1851, returning in 1857. He spent the winter of 1858 in Echo Canyon, and in 1859 moved to Ogden, where he engaged in tanning leather. In 1865 he went on a second mission to the Sandwich Islands. Later he was made presiding elder and bishop of Huntsville, and for years was foremost in the development of Weber county. In 1884 he was called to preside over the San Juan stake. He resided at Bluff and Moab, and was president of the stake when, on Nov. 27, 1900, he died as the result of being thrown from a vehicle at Bloomfield, New Mexico. No man was ever more energetic and enthusiastic in Church work, nor more faithful and true than Francis A. Hammond.

A captain was appointed over each ten wagons as follows: Jens Nielson, Geo. W. Sevey, Benjamin Perkins, Henry Holyoak, Z. B. Decker and Samuel Bryson.

The winter of their *trek* was a rigorous one. Many Utah set-

with eighty-three wagons, left central and southern Utah for the site of Bluff. All were advised to take with them at least a year's provisions of seeds, food and implements, prepared to start an independent colony. For it was known that communication with the outside world within a year was not probable. The advice was good, but there was a woeful miscalculation, as a shortage of provisions developed before two months had passed.

It took six months of arduous travel for these pilgrims to work their way over the rough country to their destination. Even this was an almost incredible feat, in view of the roughness of the country and the obstacles encountered.

An efficient organization of the company enroute was maintained. Silas S. Smith was captain, or president, with Platte D. Lyman as assistant; Charles Walton, clerk; Jens Nielson, chaplain.

tlers remember the winter of 1879-80 as one of the most severe in memory. Yet every member of the company survived in spite of constant exposure in high altitudes.

The roughness of the country traversed required that a great deal of road making be done, to make progress possible. The work was hard, and the movement toward the destination was discouragingly slow. With simple tools and no powder for blasting, the tremendous obstacles nature had imposed against their travel seemed almost unsurmountable. Finally a point was reached where they could go no farther without the aid of powder and better tools. A council was held, and it was decided that President S. S. Smith should return to the settlements and solicit assistance from the Territorial Legislature. He was successful in



(Right) PLATTE D. LYMAN, LATE PRESIDENT SAN JUAN STAKE

Born on Platte river, Nebraska, August 20, 1848, while the family were crossing the plains on the way to Utah. First home in Salt Lake City, afterwards moved to Farmington, then to Fillmore, Oak City, Bluff, Scipio, then returned to Bluff, his last home. Married at 18, and immediately started on his first mission to England, later filling two other missions to the same country; at the last one he served as president of the European mission. A strong, sweet, clean Christian gentleman; one of the ablest defenders of the truth the "Mormon" Church has produced. The exploring instinct was very strong in him, making him a first-class pioneer.

(Left) ALBERT R. LYMAN, First Counselor to President L.H. Redd, San Juan Stake

"A Chip off the old block," oldest son living of Platte D. Lyman; author of "Voice of the Intangible," that splendid story in volumes 16 and 17 of the ERA.

getting five hundred dollars from that source and also an equal amount from the Church. He returned with blasting powder, tools and much-needed provisions.

Before returning to the camp of his people, President S. S. Smith had a full set of county officers appointed, so that when the settlers reached their destination the limits of the new county of San Juan were vaguely outlined, and its civic organization com-

pleted. James Lewis, from Kanab, was made county judge; Charles E. Walton, county clerk; L. H. Redd, assessor and collector; William Hutchings, sheriff, and Kumen Jones, superintendent of schools.

The first task of the settlers was to dig a canal to divert water from the San Juan river to the farming land. One of the pioneers writes that Sundays and rainy days were devoted to devising means for an equitable distribution of the land, so that each head of a family would have some land near the settlement. It soon developed, however, that there was not enough good land near Bluff to "go around." The river formed a boundary to the south and the great bluffs formed an obstacle to expansion in other directions. It is from these magnificent vari-colored bluffs that the settlement got its name. It was decided to draw lots as the only way out of the difficulty.

Thus began the settlement of the southeastern gateway of the natural thoroughfare extending from Canada on the north to Mexico on the south. It was the route followed by the Indians who, in early days, trafficked in Mexican slaves and captives from other tribes. It was the thoroughfare of desperate whites, outlaws and all sorts of adventurers who often proved a great menace to the little colony. The Lymans, the Redds, and others of the early settlers, had many a thrilling adventure in dealing with outlaws and renegade Indians. The year 1884 was one of the most troublous from roving outlaws. It was in this year that the notorious Eskridge outlaws spread so much terror. In pursuing these desperadoes, some of the leading men at Bluff proved their bravery and scoutcraft. Among them were L. H. Redd, Hyrum Perkins, Joseph A. Lyman, Bishop Nielson and Platte D. Lyman. The latter had his leg broken by a bullet fired by the outlaws.

Chief Posey was at that time an impetuous young man and caused the settlers no end of trouble. At one time, by a ruse, he evaded the officers who had him in charge and swam the San Juan river with a bullet wound in his leg. Once free and with his people he did all he could to incite an uprising among the Indians against the settlers.

Of life in early Bluff, Bishop Kumen Jones, a member of the first company, writes:

"Looking back over those early days, some of the inconveniences and experiences passed through almost convince one that the early settlers of the San Juan country had a taste of real pioneer life. Over two years without any mail service, three hundred miles to the nearest railroad, flour eight to ten dollars a hundred, the country full of renegade Indians, and not a few desperate whites. But through it all, surely Providence had a watchcare over this little 'Mormon' colony, for since Bluff was first settled there have been upwards of thirty white men killed by these Indians, and only one of our number (A. M. Barton) has lost his life at their hands. There have been scores of

Indians die off and killed by one another, but there are some of them left yet—enough at least to be a good big healthy nuisance. But the country is filling up with a good, progressive citizenship, and it is just being discovered, the last few years, that San Juan county is the best on the map."

(The author acknowledges indebtedness to Bishop Kumen Jones, of Bluff, and J. M. Redd, of Monticello, for much of the information contained in these articles. Mr. Redd was a boy of fifteen with the first settlers at Bluff. As a guide with the Utah Archaeological Expedition of 1913, of which the author was a member, he made the camp fires lively with tales of adventure in that wild region.—J. F. A.)



SCHOOLHOUSE AT BLUFF.

Judge Not

"Judge not!" for what as verity appears
Is oft untrue and only doth bemean;
Leave not unguarded thine own soul, to scan
Another's eye to seek therein the beam.

"Judge not!" for with the measure thou shalt mete,
Shall it be given unto thee again;
With meagre scales can never be obtained
The weight entire of all the race of men.

"Judge not!" This wisdom spoken from the Mount,
Hath echoed and re-echoed thro' the years,—
And yet withal mankind continues on,
Unmindful of the cost in blood and tears.

"Judge not!" e'en tho' thine horizon expand
Beyond the limits of the common sod;
"Judge not! Judge not!" lest thou in turn be judged,
For never yet hath failed the word of God.

GRACE INGLES FROST.

What has been Utah and Idaho's Loss?

BY DR. JOSEPH M. TANNER

When Postmaster General Burleson issued his annual report of the postoffice department for the year 1914, this most interesting document set forth a peculiar system of frauds which has led to the loss of many millions of dollars by the unsuspecting victims of newspaper and circular advertisements.

To understand the swindling operations now carried out in the United States, it should be said that our government has passed stringent laws against the use of the United States mails by promoters and operators of schemes intended to swindle the American public.

Our postoffice department has in its employment an army of detectives and experts who are running down all kinds of swindlers who make use of our mail service. As an example it may be said that men advertise patent medicines warranted to cure almost every known disease. These medicines are seized, tested by experts, and found to have no medicinal value whatever. Those who thus advertise such medicines are arrested, and upon conviction, severely punished. These swindlers, however, have grown in their cunning, and it is not easy always to convict them, and often it is impossible to catch them. Then there are land schemes advertised that are wholly without merit, and intended to deceive the public who buy stock in land corporations.

The postmaster general gives a list of the amount of money actually obtained from the American public by these mail swindlers during the last five years. Here is his table:

1909-1910	\$100,000,000
1911	77,000,000
1912	52,000,000
1913	54,000,000
1914	68,000,000

During these five years 2,861 of these swindlers have been arrested. Those who have been convicted have defrauded the American public during that time out of \$351,000,000. If these dishonest games were divided equally among these swindlers each one would have received, as his share, \$122,684. It will show that such a business has been a very lucrative one. The list of arrests and convictions, for these years, as given, are as follows:

	Arrests.	Convictions.
1910.....	520	Not stated
1911.....	497	184
1912.....	572	263
1913.....	510	304
1914.....	762	370

These schemes for swindling the public are stated to be approximately of about one hundred different kinds.

The remarkable thing is that the \$351,000,000 of which the American public has been defrauded is the amount which the prosecutions have actually accounted for. As will be seen from the tables given above, large numbers were not convicted out of those arrested. Besides, there must have been large numbers who were not even arrested.

Then again, there are schemes that are not exactly a swindle, within the meaning of the law. To the unsuspecting public, however, many of these schemes are really a losing game. They may have merit in them, just enough merit to keep their promoters from prosecution, but not enough merit to bring in profit to the investors. Perhaps never before in the history of all the world have so many schemes been launched to swindle unsuspecting men and women out of the small savings they have made from their years of labor.

One witness giving an account of the methods by which a certain swindling scheme was carried on, stated there were two classes of victims that might be divided as "trout" and "suckers," according to the methods by which they were caught. The unsuspecting trout took the whole bait at one bite and was easily drawn in; the suckers nibbled at the bait and all sorts of schemes were resorted to, to get the sucker on the hook. Sometimes he would nibble by writing a letter asking for a little more information than that contained in the circular. Sometimes in reply to these letters the swindler would promptly return a box of medicine by express C. O. D. The sucker not certain, perhaps a little afraid, paid the express and the price of the medicine even when he did not order it. The medicine was worthless, the swindler had his money, and when he awoke to a realization of the fact that he had been duped, as a rule, he charged up to experience the amount he had paid for the worthless medicine and said nothing about it. Only now and then did the sucker make any trouble for the swindler, and in a few instances, very rare, the money was returned.

It would be interesting to know what of this enormous sum of \$351,000,000 accounted for has been the loss of the people in the states of Utah and Idaho.

Rocky Mountain Forests

BY J. H. PAUL, PROFESSOR OF NATURE STUDY, AT THE UNIVERSITY
OF UTAH

The planting of trees on Arbor Day has several great possibilities. First there is the example which high officials of the State and Nation thereby set to the people whose representatives they are. They thereby signify the opinion which they accord to the practice of agriculture and the especial favor which they feel towards the economic value and the untold worth of trees.

WHAT GROVES SIGNIFY

Trees are among the most significant of real things in nature. They are interwoven with the history, the romance, the stories, and the development of all past ages. They form a great part of our present prosperity and enjoyment. They are indispensable to the economic life of any highly civilized nation or people. They are the center about which have revolved numerous great episodes of the past. In the course of the earth's history, their sheltering effect has been the theme, often the inspiration of many of the best things that exist in all of our rich literature. Their significance as types of growth, expansion, reproduction, and of the accumulation of wealth, had appealed almost uniformly to the greater minds of our race. Today, here in the West, the appeal made by the presence of trees is even more significant than that which it has uniformly made to the peoples of other lands. Here the desert nature of our country makes their presence doubly welcome. With us the grove is a type of all that is most beautiful, most refreshing, and most restful in the time of our summer's heat. To the artist the forest affords the best, the worthiest, and the most striking types of landscapes. To the stockman the grove is the center of departure and return, a place for camping, a spot particularly loved for the shelter and rest which it has afforded him. To the farmer trees signify the grassy undergrowth that makes good pastures and the shade to the flock or the herd at noon-day. To the poet the grove is the place of sylvan retreats, of whispering boughs, of talking leaves, and singing branches.

CONSERVATORS OF SOIL

To the student of nature, and especially to the geologist, trees are the conservators, the defenders, and preservers of the

soil. They are especially so on the great divides where the snow lies deep. When the snow banks begin to melt, the tree roots and underbrush, their debris and the soil mold, entangle and delay the trickling water. No longer does it come down all at once, but sinks slowly into the ground, to find the slender channels on bed-rock, whence, far lower down, it may issue as springs or be



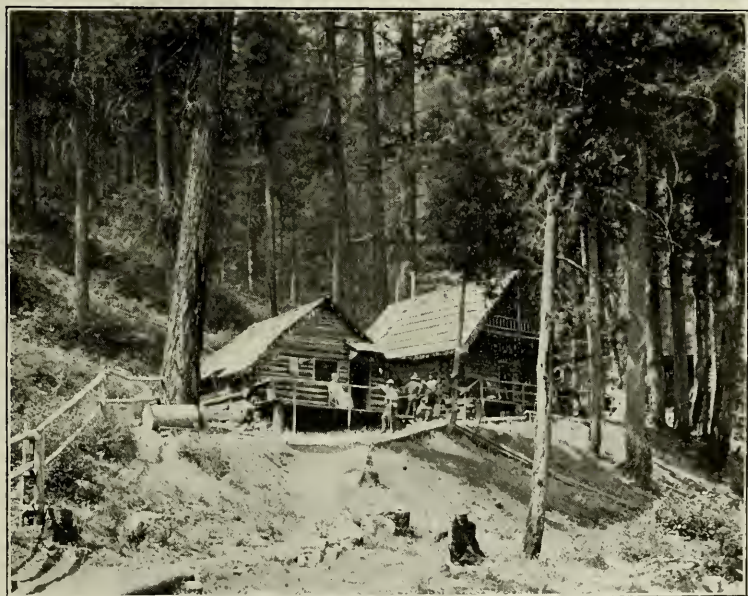
A MEADOW IN THE MOUNTAINS, LOGAN CANYON, CACHE NATIONAL
FOREST

absorbed at once by the rootlets of the trees, shrubs, grasses, and flowers. The underground water clings around each soil grain. In the form of capillary films or hygroscopic moisture, as the books term it, it surrounds each particle. It does not evaporate but continually enriches the soil by the minerals which it drinks in from each soil grain that it encircles, till it may be finally taken from its fast embrace and absorbed by the roots of plants—the final destination of this moist fertility.

THE REAL LOSSES

The loss of the timber on the mountain tops or along the hillside, great as that loss is, is not the only or principal ruin. The continued destruction of trees on mountains without replanting really means national decline. The greatest loss, much greater though more hidden from ordinary view, than the threatened

timber famine, is the loss of groves as such, followed by the destruction of the shrubs, then of the grass and wild flowers, finally, and worst of all, the loss of the soil itself. Every rain shower, every melting of the snow bank after the forest is gone, increases the soil wash, cutting a gully and finally stripping bare the sloping sides of the hills. The soil is carried into the stream and by the stream it is thrown upon the valleys below in the form of floods. A flood is composed half of water and half of the rich soil-mold, grains of sand, and gravel, in which the trees and shrubs had their roots. For a time the stumps of cut trees still hold back the soil and this condition often gives a chance for reforestation before these roots have loosened their grip and before the buried arms and fingers relax and waste away by decay, letting the soil slip from their myriad fibres. This gives time, I say, to replant the ancient forests. But if we wait too long and the soil is eroded away to bed rock, then all hope of future planting is gone. Tens of thousands of our hill sides are being devastated,—the price of our wasteful destruction due to the removal of trees without any replanting. The object of this statement of conditions that I have seen in hundreds of places during the last eight years, as I have traveled over crests of the higher divides of our mountain ranges



PLACES FOR OUTINGS OF BOY SCOUTS

This is a camp on McCloud river, Shasta National Forest; thousands of such places abound in the mountains of Utah.

in the West, is that I wish simply to call the attention of the people to the great and ever-increasing necessity for immediate replanting and for more careful handling of the forests.

THE FOREST CROP

The forest produces a crop that should be harvested in due season, the same as any other crop from the soil. As soon as the trees have reached their maximum of growth, they should be cut down carefully and systematically and put to use in saw mills or on the farms and in mines. It is wrong to let them stand after the crop is ripe. The forest crop is continually coming on, and the process of selecting these that should be removed, either because they are mature or because, as they grow larger they may crowd one another, should be intelligently conducted under the supervision of trained foresters.

A Storm at Night on the Desert

BY WILLIAM WERRETT, JR.

I sit alone. The night is dark, save for sharp flashes of lightning. The wind howls its song of loneliness, as if it, too, is in conspiracy with some force to increase the misery of my loneliness.

Now and again, the wind ceases, and the grave-like silence is broken only by the solitary pattering of a few drops of rain upon the roof. Just as I feel that my ears will break from the melancholy silence that seems to weight them, just as I prepare for an engulfment of I know not what, the heavens are torn asunder and nature continues her cannonading, all too close for mortal comfort, as if to suggest the awful power she holds.

The winds abate, there is only an occasional flash of light, the cannonading is so far removed as to be scarcely audible; the rain ceases, and all is quiet.

Out in the west a star appears, as if it were braver than its sisters in emerging from its hiding place; soon another, and another; until all is bright, and each member of the firmament vies to outshine its neighbor.

What a few moments ago was but a manifestation of power and wrath, which seemed to threaten vengeance and showed nature in her awful power has changed to a scene of beauty and peace. And the stars smile down and seem to say, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

An Adventure in a Storm

BY ANNIE G. LAURITZEN

It was in the middle of July, 1913, that my husband and three sons, Marion, Tommy and John Reed, were repairing flumes up Short Creek canyon, Arizona. Myself and three small children Miriam, Joseph Dean, and Richard, started for a walk nearly two miles up the canyon from our tents near the mouth of the canyon. We went to take the men some dinner.

On starting we noticed that a great, massive cloud was fast scurrying from the distant Trumbo mountains to the great box canyon of Maxwell, one mile north of the Arizona line. The cliffs of this canyon are perpendicular, towering straight up in the air for several hundred feet. How we gazed in fear and admiration as we hurried past Maxwell ahead of this storm; for Short Creek was just north, and in order to pass over it before the floods should begin to pour down through each ravine, eddy and gully, we must onward! While we were obliged to make rapid strides towards our destination, yet we couldn't help turning toward the storm (west of us) while we hurried to the canyon north.

Oh, I shall never forget how that huge cloud, seemingly about a mile square, came like a living thing, and savagely rested her great black bulk across the square canyon, completely enveloping it. Smaller clouds, white in appearance, like so many white chicks, clustering under the wings of the black mother hen, were angrily darting upward, as if through the black feathers of the massive cloud's wings. They were now writhing and twisting and seething, almost as if the hitherto innocent-looking chicks suddenly had turned into so many white serpents, hissing, in angry determination to see which could outdo the other in racing and chasing, now high, now low.

Now we are past the canyon, and have reached the flumes which occupy the length of nearly one mile, in the sand. We hurriedly spread our dishes, called the men, and began our repast. Scarcely had we begun to eat when crash, crash, crash, went the lightning; roar, roar, roar, thundered the heavy artillery of the sky, as it burst the clouds! Down came sprinkles of rain, softly at first, but intensifying at every moment, until we found ourselves in drenching torrents.

"Let us get under that tree, on the north side of the wash," shouted my husband. No sooner said than each of us picked up

one of the smaller children. We found ourselves running with all our might across the Short Creek wash. The wind was blowing the rain in our faces. I took a blanket I had brought along and, tearing it into pieces, wrapped myself and the smaller children to try to keep out the chilly rain. The three older boys, instead of coming with us, were very anxious to see the flood which we could now hear roaring at its source. We stood under the tree only a moment, while the fierce streaks of lightning flashed all around us, with the thunder roaring, making the very earth tremble. Our clothing, blankets and all were soaked through; we were drenched to the very skin.

On gazing up the wash a few paces, to our utter dismay, we beheld a flood come raging, and tearing down. We must cross before it should reach us.

Again taking the children, as before, we started to run. Reed lost a new pair of shoes. He never saw them again. We reached the opposite bank just a moment before the flood touched where our feet had passed. The skies were still belching forth rain, wind, thunder and forked lightning. An emergency, heretofore unlooked for, was now presenting itself in vociferous and tumultuous rage before us as if determined to defeat our homeward progress. Every crag, crevice and eddy, every ravine, wash and gully, were furiously pouring forth the raging torrents of the flood, to which was added the drenching rain overhead. The little greyhound was barking and whining. The children were screaming, and mama was praying with all her might. Dear papa, as was his invariable habit, was studying how to get us home before the Maxwell floods would reach our crossing, on their way into Short Creek. This creek already contained a formidable flood whose muddy, forbidding waters were rushing madly along the east side of us, and the Maxwell waters soon would be coming from the west to join them.

We reached the first ravine almost exhausted, having run one-half mile in the drenching rain. The waters were then knee deep. My husband stood in the middle of the stream, which was one rod wide at this place, and I handed him one child after another until all, not forgetting the small dog, had been safely landed upon the opposite side of the flood.

Now we hurried towards the largest of the Maxwell washes, hoping to reach there before the fiercest part of the flood. This wash was several blocks farther to the south; and, as we reached it we saw, to our horror, that it was utterly impassable. Huge rocks and trees were being hurled from side to side in the roaring, seething, writhing flood, while the drenching rain and the chilling winds threatened to destroy us.

What was to be done with those shivering children? We stood mute, dumbfounded, confounded. Suddenly, as if by in-

spiration, the thought struck me—"let us dig holes and bury the children up to their necks in the warm, wet, soft sand." This we did in very short order. Then, placing their broad-brimmed, home-made cloth hats over their heads for a shelter to keep the still persistent rain from their heads and faces, they were made quite comfortable, during the remaining hour or more that the flood lasted. Then papa, ever watching, thinking, planning, suddenly gave a shout of joy: "The flood is abating." We gave three cheers and one cheer more. Soon we were landed on the opposite shore. We ran for our tents, still about one mile farther on. As soon as we were there, I stripped the children, and put them to bed!

Since that trip, "let's go a picnicking in the rain" has never been popular with us. We had no more than returned to our tents when the three older boys came, drenched to the skin. That we felt no bad effects must have been because we prayed and worked together.



M. I. A. JR. BOYS' CHORUS, TWENTIETH WARD, ENSIGN STAKE
Mrs. G. A. Alder, Conductor

Nearly all these boys were awarded M. I. A. pins for having passed the first year's requirements in the three-year junior course in attendance, conduct, and knowledge of the Junior Manual text. The order in the class has been exceptionally good. On the 17th of April the chorus gave a concert in the Twentieth ward in honor of Bishop C. Clarence Neslen's birthday, which was pronounced an artistic and social success.

Constantinople

BY DR. JOSEPH M. TANNER

What would the fall of Constantinople mean to Europe? Europe is divided politically, nationally, racially, and it is divided religiously. In Europe there are three great religious divisions—the Roman Catholics, the Greek Catholics, and the Protestants. Among them there is considerable antagonism. The Catholics and Protestants do not easily unite, and there is always friction between the Greek and the Roman Catholic churches. The difference in numbers among them is not very great. Rome is the heart of the Catholic world. The Protestant churches have neither head nor heart; and the Greek Catholic church has a heart but no head. It has not even a central point, although the greatest stronghold of Greek Catholicism is in Russia.

Constantinople would be to the Greek world the new rallying point. It would have about it a certain neutrality that would make possible a unification of Greek Catholicism among the Russians, among the Slavs and the Balkans, and among the Greeks. Nominally today the head of the Greek church is the patriarch of Constantinople. This patriarch has always been more or less dominated by the Turks, and his influence over the Greek world has never been very great. Russia leads politically among the Greek Catholics. It is quite natural, therefore, that she should be ambitious to be the head religiously of the Greek church. If she wins her point her influence in Constantinople will be paramount, and it is just likely that the relations of Greece and the Balkans and Russia might be completely changed. I know scholars on the subject of Greek unity will be very skeptical about such a statement. They will point out the impossibilities of such a union, but they may be mistaken. They were mistaken when they said that political union in the Balkans was impossible because of the religious hatreds there within the Greek church itself. They demonstrated to their own satisfaction the absurdity of such a thing as a union between Greece and the Servians. All these hatreds it is true have been strong but political necessities have overcome them, and if Russia should offer liberal terms to the weaker powers no one can say how tremendous her power may become from a religious point of view over the entire Greek Catholic church. I put the religious phase of the fall of Constantinople first, because I think it most important. It was originally the center of Greek Catholicism; its great church of St. Sophia

was the central shrine of the eastern church in the early centuries after Constantine the Great. When Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks, the Church of St. Sophia became a Turkish mosque. Next to the Mohammedans in Constantinople the Greek Catholics are the most numerous.

A strong nation in possession of Constantinople might dominate politically western Asia. Across from this great historic city is an undeveloped empire—Asia Minor. The resources of this vast country including the Valley of the Mesopotamia are beyond the wildest dreams of man. We know in ancient times how wonderful they were but since the country came under the domination of the Turks the whole country has sunk into desolation and ruin. In the midst of these ruins the unprogressive Turk has settled down in indolence.

The question will here be asked, if the Allies succeed will they take the whole Turkish empire, the Asiatic part as well as the European? The probabilities are they will. In the first place if Constantinople is taken and along with it such sea ports as Smyrna and Beirut it is not unlikely that the Turks will become so enraged that they will begin a general massacre of all Christians, and at any rate it may be safely said they will consider it a sacred obligation to kill every Greek that can be found within the empire; and the western part of Asia Minor, and especially the seaport towns, have many thousands of Greeks in them.

The fall of Constantinople would be the greatest event of the war. It would mean practically the surrender of the Turks, as it would likely lead to a revolution against further participation in a war that has not been at all to the liking of perhaps a majority of the Mohammedans within the empire. With the Turks out of commission through the fall of their city and a terrible revolution that would stop their further participation in the war, the hundreds of thousands of soldiers now operating within the Turkish empire would be set free to participate in the conflict with Germany and Austria.

The third effect of the fall of Constantinople would be to place an enlarged army with the Allies in Galicia where they could co-operate with the Russians in overrunning Austria. Austria-Hungary will have to be overcome, and its support to Germany broken down, before the Allies can make much headway against the German empire. Such a condition would permit an army to attack the Germans from the south from the direction of Cracow. This advantage in the fall of Constantinople would be further promoted by the almost absolute certainty that the success of the Allies against the Turks would bring both Italy and Greece into the war.

Lastly, the fall of Constantinople would have an exhilarating effect upon all Christendom. The fall of the Mohammedans in

Europe, and the collapse of their empire, would be hailed with delight throughout the Christian world, not only in Europe, but in America. There has been for centuries a deep-seated antagonism toward the Turks; not that as Mohammedans they are any worse than the Mohammedans of India, but because they have been the most aggressive and most successful in their wars against certain Christian nations of Europe. The fall of Constantinople would, therefore, be the most picturesque climax in all the present great European war.

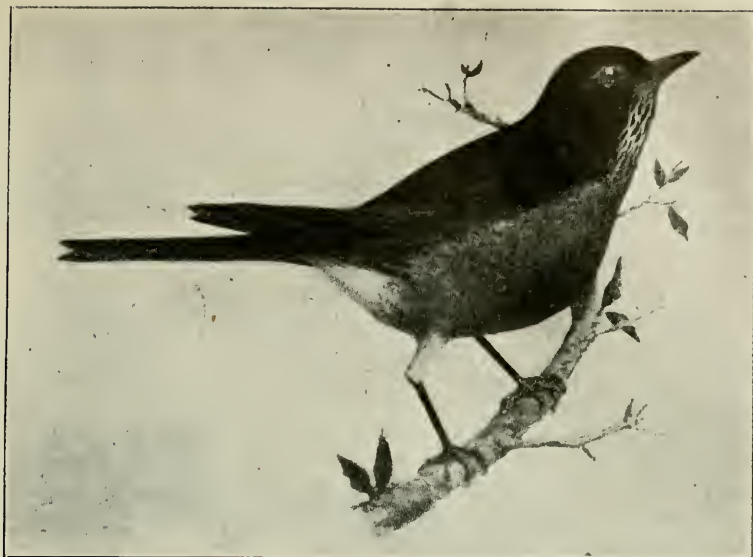
Send Peace Again

O Twentieth Century! Thou so young,
Whose glorious advent late was sung,
Midst all the charms that could array
The world for progress and fair-play.
When peace to men was so endeared
A beauteous temple quick they reared
To Universal Peace, and earth
Seemed all to sense its deepest worth—
Must we, while still thou'rt in thy teens
Rouse quickly from those peaceful scenes,
And pray to God to send again,
"Peace on earth, good will to men?"

O cruel monster, wicked War!
Thy craft that, like the eagles, soar
The upper strata of the air,
And kill and spy with awful glare;
Those stealthy craft that plow the main
'Neath fog and foam and hurricane,
And rise, and strike, and thrust below
The staunchest ships of every foe;
And all thy weapons, most refined
In dealing death,—how they remind
That God we pray to send again,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Majestic Freedom! Rise—protest
When Civilization's mightiest, best,
In thy loved name, with carnage strew
The fairest lands man ever knew,
Who mock fair Peace, midst tyrants' sneers,
And deluge all in blood or tears;
Rebuke dire War, and justice claim;
Direct proud man, in Mercy's name,
To work for right, for peace, for God;
Hold brothers true, at home—abroad,
And pray the Lord to send again,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

F. E. BARKER.



OUR ROBIN

Outlines for Scout Workers

I. THE WESTERN ROBIN

BY MISS EUGENIA MORF AND DELBERT W. PARRATT

"In the sunshine and the rain
I hear the robin in the lane
Singing cheerily,
Cheer up, cheer up;
Cheerily, cheerily, cheer up."

1. From what name does the word, robin, come?
2. To what bird family does the robin belong? How can you tell?
Name one or two other birds of this family.
3. Note size, shape, and color. Contrast the male and female robin in size and color. Why these differences?
4. The robin prefers to live in what kind of places, highland or lowland, open or wooded? Why there?
5. On what does this bird subsist? In what way is he suited to procure this food?
6. Tell where the robin generally builds its nest and of what the nest is made. Which bird chooses the nest site? Which bird builds the nest?
7. Tell of the number, size, and color of the eggs. How many broods are usually hatched in a season?
8. Explain how the baby robins are fed, and suggest the amount and kind of food they swallow.
9. Contrast the song of the male robin with that of the female. Why the difference? During what season does the robin sing most? Why then?

10. Name the enemies of this beautiful bird and its nest. Tell how these are warded off.

11. Is the robin a desirable bird? Give two reasons for your answer. In what manner is it protected by law?

12. Tell how to make and place a bird house suitable for this friendly creature. Old boards or boxes are better than new ones for bird houses. Why? Care should be exercised in painting such a house. In what way and why?

13. Where does the robin spend the winter?

HANDY MATERIAL

Robin is a pet name for Robert. Strictly speaking our robin is not a robin at all but a true thrush. This is readily shown by the characteristic spots on the breasts of the young. Solitaires and bluebirds also belong to the thrush family.

The robin measures some ten inches from tip of beak to tip of tail and, as with most birds, the male is somewhat larger than the female. His responsibility as defender of and protector to his mate and her little ones necessitates strength and consequently additional size.

The male has the crown and sides of the head black; the rest of the upper parts are slaty-olive, becoming black on the tail. The chin and throat are white, the throat streaked with black. The under parts are white and gray; iris, dark brown; bill, yellow, dusky at the tip; legs, dark horny. The female is duller in color and the black feathers of her crown are edged with gray. Both have the familiar red breast, but that of the male is somewhat brighter than that of the female.

In bird society the female chooses her partner and as a result the male is placed in competition with others of his sex for desired attentions from the lady birds. To be successful in this, he must outdo the others in personal appearance and in other qualities so pleasing to the more fortunate females. The male robin, therefore, showing the brightest colors, and singing the prettiest song, stands the best chance of getting mated. For this reason the male puts on his best colors and sings his winning songs during the mating seasons.

The female, on the other hand, is placed in no such keen competition and of course needs no brilliant colors or charming song. Her business largely is to secrete herself while nesting, and to aid in this she dresses in lighter and duller colors. The nearer her colors blend with those surrounding her nest the more she is protected from searching enemies.

The robin ranges from Mexico to Greenland, and in winter is abundant in the Southern States. He is called a lowland bird and prefers to live in well-wooded regions, but he is often found in the woods of our higher mountains.

Insects amount to ninety-five per cent of the food of the young, which consume nigh on their weight of insect food every

twenty-four hours. Adult birds add berries, wild fruit, farm fruit, and cherries to their diet. It is said that if Russian mulberries are planted, this fruit will divert the birds from the cherries. The long sharp bill of the robin is well suited for procuring the insect food. Perhaps you have noticed the robin when hopping over the lawn take a listening attitude, then suddenly dart his long bill into the ground and procure the worm.

The apple tree is generally chosen for the nest, on account of the forked limbs, but the robin obeys no law in the choice of a nesting site, for the elm, and other trees are also chosen, and she has even been known to build the nest upon old boards. The nest takes three or four days to construct and is made of thick layers of moss, straw, weeds, and roots, in which a cavity is rounded, plastered with mud and lined with fine grasses. Often a rainy day is selected for the work. The mother bird chooses the place for the nest, but she often makes an unwise choice so far as safety is concerned. Both male and female work in building the nest.

There are from four to six greenish blue eggs in the nest, and two or three broods in a season. Eleven days sitting are required to hatch the young.

As already mentioned, the male bird is the one that sings, the female only chirps. For reasons just stated his prettiest song is in the mating season. He sings mostly in the early morning, in the evening, and also during and after a rain storm. He also sings very often during the night. His song varies greatly, especially as to quality. "It has been described as a disconnected warble in rather a narrow compass of voice and with slight variations." When in the cherry tree the song is muffled; when around the nest, the notes are low, but clear and distinct.

The good which the robin does in semi-arid regions by destroying insects and the like is beyond estimation.

The city ordinance against fire arms, air guns, and flippers, and the state law against the destruction of all insectivorous birds should have the support of all.

Robins are often induced to build their nests in bird houses or boxes. They prefer a box having a floor space of about six by eight inches with the roof some eight inches above the floor. Both ends should be left open and the box should be secured to a stout limb from six to fifteen feet from the ground. Best results will be had if the box is placed where the birds would ordinarily build if left to their own selection. Avoid the mistake of expecting the robins to immediately nest in a freshly painted box made of new wood. The birds are wise enough to want some assurance that the newly placed house is more than a temporary structure. This want is, in a measure, satisfied if the box be made of old, weathered boards with freshly sawed ends smeared with watery mud. In case the box is painted, there is little likelihood that it

will be tenanted until the smell of paint has completely disappeared. It is best not to paint the inside of the box at all. No mistake is made by putting up the boxes some weeks before they are to be used.

The robin's slight migration is due to the supply of food rather than the severity of the climate. Where wild berries abound, it will remain through the winter, though the ground may be covered with snow, and the mercury at freezing point. In case the bird does migrate, it goes but a short distance south, and returns to us in February, remaining here until late fall.

TO THE FIRST ROBIN

A welcome warm awaits thee,
Bright herald of the spring;
Thy voice of winning sweetness
Has still its merry ring.
The winter days are over
And buttercups and clover
Will gladden all the way
In which thy feet may stray,
Whilst thou singest, singest
Thy old familiar song,
As the seasons roll along,
Robin, Robin!

Thou hast tarried long and late,
A questioner of fate,
Feeling cautiously thy way,
In thy coming day by day.
Now take a crumb or two,
And cheer up anew;
The pastures, bleak and sere,
In beauty will appear;
And the roaring northern blast
Be a memory of the past,
Whilst thou singest, singest
Thy old familiar song,
As the seasons roll along,
Robin, Robin!

Oh, thou'lt be surpassing sweet,
With thy nimble little feet
Tripping lightly o'er the lawn
At the breaking of the dawn,
And, "Good-morning, summer's coming."
Not a harbinger of spring,
However sweetly he may sing,
Can sing as thou singest, singest
Thy old familiar song,
As the seasons roll along,
Robin, Robin!

HENRY STEVENSON WASHBURN.

For additional material on the robin see Prof. J. H. Paul's *Out of Doors in The West*; *How the Robin Got Its Red Breast*, in *Nature Myths*; and stories by Cook, and *The Western Robin*, by Claude T. Barnes, published in Vol. 49, page 243, of the *Juvenile Instructor*.

Editors' Table

Home Evening

To the Presidents of Stakes, Bishops and Parents in Zion:

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS: We counsel the Latter-day Saints to observe more closely the commandment of the Lord given in the 68th section of the Doctrine and Covenants:

"And again, inasmuch as parents have children in Zion, or in any of her Stakes which are organized, that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ the Son of the living God, and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands when eight years old, the sin be upon the heads of the parents;

"For this shall be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion, or in any of her Stakes which are organized;

"And their children shall be baptized for the remission of their sins when eight years old, and receive the laying on of hands,

"And they shall also teach their children to pray and to walk uprightly before the Lord."

The children of Zion should also observe more fully the commandment of the Lord given to ancient Israel, and reiterated to the Latter-day Saints: "Honor thy father and thy mother: that they days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

These revelations apply with great force to the Latter-day Saints, and it is required of fathers and mothers in this Church that these commandments shall be taught and applied in their homes.

To this end we advise and urge the inauguration of a "Home Evening" throughout the Church, at which time fathers and mothers may gather their boys and girls about them in the home and teach them the word of the Lord. They may thus learn more fully the needs and requirements of their families; at the same time familiarizing themselves and their children more thoroughly with the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This "Home Evening" should be devoted to prayer, singing hymns, songs, instrumental music, scripture-reading, family topics and specific instruction on the principles of the Gospel, and on the ethical problems of life, as well as the duties and obligations of children to parents, the home, the Church, society and the Nation. For the smaller children appropriate recitations, songs, stories and games may be introduced. Light refreshments of such a nature as may be largely prepared in the home might be served.

Formality and stiffness should be studiously avoided, and all the family should participate in the exercises.

These gatherings will furnish opportunities for mutual confidence between parents and children, between brothers and sisters, as well as give opportunity for words of warning, counsel and

advice by parents to their boys and girls. They will provide opportunity for the boys and girls to honor father and mother, and to show their appreciation of the blessings of home so that the promise of the Lord to them may be literally fulfilled and their lives be prolonged and made happy.

We request that the presidents of stakes and bishops throughout the Church set aside at least one evening each month for this purpose; and that upon such evenings no other Church duties shall be required of the people.

We further request that all the officers of the auxiliary organizations throughout the Church support this movement and encourage the young people to remain at home that evening, and use their energies in making it instructive, profitable and interesting.

If the Saints obey this counsel, we promise that great blessings will result. Love at home and obedience to parents will increase. Faith will be developed in the hearts of the youth of Israel, and they will gain power to combat the evil influences and temptations which beset them.

Your brethren,

JOSEPH F. SMITH,

ANTHON H. LUND,

CHARLES W. PENROSE,

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, APRIL 27, 1915.

First Presidency.

Literary Theft

The editors of the ERA greatly regret that occasionally articles are sent to us for publication in the ERA which are not original, though signed by the contributors as if they were their own productions, and making it appear that they are their own thoughts and words. A number of these plagiarisms have been discovered before publication and, of course, thrown out or properly credited. In all cases such thefts are the cause of great chagrin to the editors, who, though looking out for them, have not always been able to discover the authorship before they appear in the magazine.

In all cases where correspondents send articles that are not original, the source of information should be given, and also proper credit to the author or writer. Where quotations are used in any article these should be properly designated by enclosing them in quotation marks, and the author from whom, or the book from which, they are taken should be named.

This applies also, of course, to thoughts and sentences chosen from books and interwoven with original matter. These also should be quoted or properly credited.

Elder J. Vernon Adams, writing recently from Tokyo, Japan,

calls attention to a short missionary letter which appeared in the ERA some time ago to which the criticism last named applies. He says that the letter itself "carries a good thought, but loses its forcefulness when one realizes that the greater part of it including different striking sentences are copied from six to eight different pages of Marden's *Pushing to the Front*, 1911, enlarged edition." He then calls attention to an article in the Seventies' *Year Book*, 1907, pages 166-167, in which the pernicious habit of plagiarism is condemned, and the Seventies warned against it. It is there stated by the author, B. H. Roberts:

Let every speech, lecture, or discourse by a Seventy be an honest one. Let it be his own, good, bad, or indifferent. A poor speech that is one's own is more to one's credit than a good one stolen and repeated as his * * *

Of all despicable characters in the literary world, the plagiarist is regarded as the most contemptible, and yet there have not been wanting among us in the ministry of the Church (due to their ignorance of the ethics of literature, of course) those who have advocated the appropriation of sermons and lectures prepared by others; and have advocated the repetition of those stolen sermons in the preaching of the gospel * * *

It is as bad as wearing stolen clothes. It is asking one to shine not even by borrowed but by stolen light. It will result in mental laziness. It is a confession of one's own inability to think for himself and work out from the mass of material that lies before him in the revelations of God, the deductions and conclusions that make for the establishment of faith and righteousness in the lives of others. A few ideas hammered out on the anvil of one's own thought, even though they be crudely and haltingly expressed, if they are one's own, that is a better beginning and more hopeful than the most glowing declaration of the sermon that has been stolen from another, or plagiarized from some book or tract.

Elder Adams continues: "I have quoted thus at length because it is just what I wish to say, and Brother Roberts' words carry much more weight than any of my own could. * * * Dishonest work can carry with it no compelling weight and it can have no object. Fellow missionaries, it is wrong. We should not plagiarise. Let us work out our own gospel of advancement and self-improvement, for, as Marden says, 'The world is looking for the man who can stand alone.'"

Again we take this occasion to remind our young writers, and also the young men and young women who enter into the literary contests of the Mutual Improvement Associations, to be cautious in this matter, and in all cases to give credit where credit is due.

One who can Entertain

"So you wish a speaker for your joint meeting?"

"That is what I came for. We would like a good one,—one who can entertain the people. We have four associations that

meet jointly and we would like a first-class man who can entertain the crowd."

This was a colloquy between a ward M. I. A. president and the writer, some time ago.

On another occasion, reported recently, a member of the General Board was invited to speak to an association. Asked what subject would be acceptable, the answer was, "O anything, except religion and vocations."

Do these incidents imply that we have some organizations whose members are more anxious to be amused than fed the gospel bread of life, or taught truths pertaining to their temporal welfare? Who would rather be entertained than made to think? Who would rather lazily absorb something pre-digested than themselves digest through intellectual effort? Or who are tired of religion,—the biggest and grandest subject that can occupy the minds of men?

If so, we are off on the wrong road, our every effort is vain, we are not in the line of our duty. It must be remembered that the main purpose of our organization is to impress the membership with a testimony of the gospel, and its restoration in the latter days through the Prophet Joseph Smith. Our special mission is to teach the divine nature of the great latter-day work. Our aim is to create a testimony of God, and of the saving value of his laws and moral government, in the hearts of the young people of Zion; to help them to know for themselves that this Church was established through the revelations of God, and that the truths advocated by the Latter-day Saints are the restored principles of the gospel revealed and taught by our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ for the spiritual, moral and temporal salvation of men. All other work and activities and studies that we engage in are merely means to this great end. How, then, can the membership of an association justify themselves in asking merely for entertainment? And how can they consistently request that a speaker shall not discuss religion before them?

Messages from the Missions

Prospects Bright in Peoria

Jane Smith, Peoria, Illinois, January 10: "Elders and lady missionaries in the city of Peoria, Ill., left to right, back row: G. W. Clements, Clementsville, Idaho; Martha E. Bitter, Collinston, Utah; Jane Smith, Mountain View, Alta, Canada; Mary M. Clark, Montpelier, Idaho; M. H. Hill, Darby, Idaho; front row: A. W. Nelson, Hyrum; J. L. Myers, Murray, Utah; R. D. Clark, conference president, Montpelier; A. E. Empey, Idaho Falls, Idaho.

"We have a branch here consisting of some thirty-five members, a thoroughly organized Sunday school and Relief Society in good working order. Many people here are searching for the truth, and



we have many friends who are studying and investigating the gospel, so that our prospects look very bright. As missionaries we appreciate and highly prize the ERA, and look forward each month to its coming. It contains many helpful and instructive articles, and is not only a great help to us but to the Saints and our friends as well."

Three to Five Cottage Meetings Weekly

Fred S. Lyman, London, England: "Elders laboring in the south half of London: Leo Eager (branch president), Salt Lake City; Fred S. Lyman, Grayson; J. Perry Egan, Salt Lake City; Clyde D. Hemsley, Plano, Idaho.

"London is divided in about the center by the River Thames, and the Church has a branch in both north and south London. At this time of international strife, we are trying to advance the cause of truth in this mighty metropolis. We are only gleaners following in the wake of the harvester, yet we meet many honest people and make friends that we will never forget. The war is having little effect upon our work among the people.



We hold from three to five well-attended cottage meetings weekly in the homes of the Saints. Investigators attend these meetings and lively discussions ensue. Our Relief Society of this branch has the distinction of being the banner society in attendance of the entire British mission. The members are not only assisting local people, but each week they engage themselves in making clothes for the needy soldiers at the front. Our Sunday School, organized last month, bids fair to become the largest in the conference. We have three classes, and an average attendance of about forty-five members."

Alarming the Local Clergy

Elder Joseph M. Christensen, Seattle, Washington, March 29: "Under conference president J. M. Christensen, the elders of the

Washington conference of the Northwestern states mission have made good progress. They have Sunday schools in Seattle, Tacoma, Olympia and Centralia and regular services are held. The success of the elders is alarming some of the local clergy to warn against the Latter-day Saints from their pulpits, but their crusade is bearing the fruits of investigation. One minister said of us: 'The country is full of their damnable literature.' Many Books of Mormon have been sold in Everett and Biernerton. Cottage meetings have been quite successful among the navy boys, and the United States battleships of the Pacific are carrying Books of Mormon in their libraries. In the sale of our literature we have made much advancement over former years. Baptisms for last month were seven. Among the things to be mentioned is the successful work of the short term elders whose former experience has added materially to our progress. The recent visit of President Melvin J. Ballard at our branch conference



had a great impetus for our work. Elders of the Seattle Branch: Standing, left to right: Joseph A. Holiday, Spring Lake, Utah; James A. Ransom, Cleaveland; May Preston, Weston, Idaho; Thomas H. Gleason, Pleasant Grove; Middle row, Robert T. Butters, Clarkston; L. Peery Higginbotham, Ogden; conference president Joseph M. Christensen, Hinckley, Utah; A. M. Bird, Teton; Mary Bird, Teton, Idaho; Archie C. West, Pleasant Grove; bottom row: A. A. Johnson, Vernal; William R. Glade, Provo; and C. L. White, Salt Lake City, Utah."

Free from Persecution

Elder Joseph O. Stone, Barnsly, Sheffield conference, England, January 16: "We are practically free from persecution at present, as

the people are so absorbed in the war that the 'Mormon' elders are almost lost sight of. In fact, the greatest obstacle that we have to meet is indifference. During the month of last December we baptized eleven souls into the Church, making a total of sixteen in this branch who have joined the Church during 1914. We are enjoying our labors, and take this opportunity to extend our best wishes to our co-laborers throughout the Lord's vineyard. Elders, left to right: Richard M. Johnson, Springville, Utah; Lars E. Larson, Burley, Idaho; Milton B. Maughan, Wellsville; Joseph O. Stone, Provo, Utah.



Organizations Doing Good Work

A. T. Shurtleff, president of the Columbia, South Carolina Branch, reports that the work in that conference is in a flourishing condition. "A three-months' visit in the conference has just been completed and everywhere great interest is manifested in the work the elders are doing. There are two fully organized branches of the conference with Sunday Schools, Mutual Improvement Associations, and Relief Societies, doing a good work among Saints and friends."

A Good Opportunity for Work

Elder Dale S. Young, of the East Texas conference, Central States mission, reports that Texas is an excellent place to do missionary work: "We are not hindered in our labors by cold winters and rough roads. The winters are mild, and the roads are generally in good condition. In the winter our work is mainly confined to the country. We find the people better prepared to receive the gospel than ever before. They have thrown open to us their doors and their churches and school houses to explain the gospel message in which many of them are becoming deeply interested, often anxiously awaiting our return. The elders laboring here are: John L. Gilbert, Thomas Rigby, Wm. S. Merkley, Grover S. Hansen, Jonathan F. Blackburn, Leroy E. Clark, George B. Walker, President; David Harris; Ray D. Garner, Dale S. Young, Leonard Abraham, Horace N. Hunsaker, Elmo Howard, Leslie E. Roskelley."

Hundreds Listen to the Songs of Zion

Elder J. Ernest Adams, Rotterdam, Holland, April 14: "We have a splendid choir of about fifty members, which has many opportunities of singing the songs of Zion and anthems to the Saints and friends in this branch. On Sunday evenings we have an average of about three hundred Saints and friends to sing to. The meetings at Rotterdam have never been so well attended as they are at present, notwithstanding the loss of the elders leaving and the very unpleasant conditions the war has brought about. The work of the Lord is progressing very rapidly here in Holland, and more especially here in Rotterdam. We all hope and pray that Holland may remain free from the war, that the conflict may soon cease, and peace be established throughout the world."

The Hand of God in Passing Events

Elder Clyde F. Hansen, Halifax, England, March 29: "Those of us who are still in the Leeds conference mission field are greatly enjoying our work. We feel that our efforts are being crowned with success, although more elders are needed. The war is not affecting us very much here except for the great rise in the cost of living. In this respect, however, the people in our conference are very fortunate because most all of them are working over time on war munitions and are receiving a good wage. I believe the Saints here appreciate the gospel more now than ever they did before the war, because they can see very clearly the hand of the Lord in the passing events. There are, however, a great many here who doubt the existence of a God, because of the troublous times now enveloping this country and implicating half the population of the world in war.



LEEDS CONFERENCE, HALIFAX, ENGLAND

"Elders left to right, back row: Virgil C. Hall, secretary of Hull conference; Verner O. Hewlett, Salt Lake City; Earl S. Harper and W. Hazel Hillyard, Smithfield; Robert R. Cordner, Provo Bench; Joseph F. Worthen, Salt Lake City; John H. Haslam, Wellsville; second row: E. F. Spencer, Randolph; W. Leslie Cocking, Wm. W. Seare, Gus Dyer, Ralph Bishop, Elmer M. Savage, Salt Lake City; Alonzo H. Peterson, Brigham City; Cyrene N. Bagley, Holliday, Utah; third row: Pres. Aubrey O. Andelin of the Liverpool conference, Provo; Dr. G. H. Higgins, Bradford, England; Pres. Leonard B. Nielsen of Leeds conference, Provo; Mission President Hyrum M. Smith, Salt Lake City; J. M. Sjodahl, of Liverpool office, Salt Lake City; Clyde F. Hansen, secretary of Leeds conference, Salt Lake City; Pres. Ray D. Nicholes, of Hull conference; sitting: James H. Vickers, Nephi; S. Evan Francis, Lake Shore; J. LeRoy Wright, Ogden; and Harold T. Pardoe, of Bountiful, Utah."

Teaching English and the Gospel

Amasa W. Clark, Tokyo, Japan, March 10, 1915: "Japan is a country from whose missionaries the people in Zion hear very little.

"The Japan mission is one in which any elder can work just as much as he desires, and he will find that the people among whom he labors, as a rule, are willing to listen to what he has to tell them.

Few tracts are refused. It takes some time before a missionary learns enough Japanese to tell the people what he desires to tell. The new missionaries are encouraged to begin tracting as soon as possible, learning, at first, sentences with which to tell the people who he is, and what he has for them.

"For the first two years the missionary has quite a struggle with the language, but with a great deal of study, and an effort to use what Japanese he learns, he is finally able to reach such proficiency that he can readily make speeches.

"We have many young men who attend our English classes; some in order to learn English, and others who are really desirous of hearing the teachings of the gospel. Among these are many very intelligent young men.

"Our meetings here in Tokyo are quite well attended, and among those who come to hear the gospel, are some very earnest investigators. We cannot expect to make converts here as quickly as in other missions where the people practically know Christianity, in a modified form. Although we are not converting many, we do not feel in the least discouraged. We have to break through the Buddhist teachings which for centuries have been rooting themselves in the hearts of the Japanese people. The seeds we sow now will bear fruit which will be gathered by elders of the future.

"There is one thing which greatly hinders the work in Japan, and that is the scarcity of missionaries. We have only eleven missionaries to preach the gospel to more than fifty-six millions of people. There are three of us laboring here in Tokyo; the fourth largest city in the world.

"We elders in Tokyo are happy in trying to do what little we can to lead the Japanese people nearer to the road of life and salvation. We are united in our work, and feel that with the help of the Lord much good can be accomplished among the Japanese people.

"We extend a hearty greeting to all the Saints at home, especially our friends and loved ones, and desire an interest in your faith and prayers in our efforts in promulgating the word of God. The elders are, left to right: J. Vernon Adams, Secretary of the Tokyo Sunday school; Amasa W. Clark, Mission Secretary; and H. Grant Ivins, Mission President."



A Catholic Sentiment

Elder J. Alma Janson, Leavenworth, Kansas, March 26: "We have had the honor and pleasure of meeting and conversing with many of our Civil war heroes who have related, to our enjoyment, many of their thrilling experiences. One gentleman, eighty-three years of age, who had served in the Civil war, had become closely associated with the Mormon Battalion in their march to Mexico. He had nothing but good to say of its members, complimenting them very highly on their splendid discipline. Leavenworth has a population of over nineteen thousand, two-thirds of whom are of Catholic faith, and who seem pleased to distinguish the Latter-day Saint missionaries as impostors."

Priesthood Quorums' Table

Suggestive Outlines for the Deacons

BY PROF. P. JOSEPH JENSEN

KNOWLEDGE FOR A PURPOSE

When the testimony of Joseph Smith came to be known many honest men were greatly impressed. The thought that the Lord had spoken from heaven, and was willing to give knowledge to man on the earth for his guidance, induced many to inquire of the Lord, through the Latter-day Prophet. Among others who thus sought for knowledge were John and Peter Whitmer, who each asked, "What can I do that will be of most worth to me?" Such a desire illustrates the acquiring of knowledge for a purpose.

So it is with every boy in the deacons' quorums. He is interested in acquiring knowledge that will aid him to realize his desires. It is likely that some do not have, as yet, the very exalted desire of the Whitmers, but it can be acquired.

It should be the aim of the instructor to discover in the boys of his quorum desires closest of kin to the religious principle he has to make clear. Let the desire of the boy be the starting point, rather than the principle to be taught. Enlighten his mind with pure knowledge, through satisfying the discovered desire.

We ought not to assume that the desire to go on a mission ten years from now, for example, is sufficiently strong to impel him to study difficult subject matter now. What we must get hold of are those interests which influence his actions today. And if they are not the exact kind wanted, nevertheless, use and develop them into what is approved.

LESSON 21

(Text: *The Latter-day Prophet*, Chapter XX)

Problem: What are the results of defiance and rebellion against the purposes of the Lord?

What have you seen as a result of children rebelling against their parents? Their teachers?

Study the Chapter.

What was the purpose of the organization of Zion's Camp? With what miraculous events did the Lord encourage the united efforts of the Camp? What punishment did he predict would befall disunity and rebellion? In what ways did the mob and individuals of the mob defy the purpose of the Camp? What resulted to individuals of the mob in connection with their defiance of the purpose of the Camp? What lesson does Mr. Campbell's defiance of the purposes of the Lord teach?

LESSON 22

(Chapter XXI)

Problem: Same as in lesson 21.

Review last lesson.

Study the chapter.

What lesson did the mob learn in trying to stop the purposes of the Camp? What was Col. Sconce's conclusion? How did the Lord punish the Camp because of rebellion in it? Read H. C. Kimball's account of the punishment. See *Life of H. C. Kimball*, (Whitney,

pp. 72-76.) Compare these incidents with the great event of the Jews taking the life of our Savior to stop his work. What does it mean then to defy and rebel against the purposes of the Lord?

LESSON 23 (Chapter XXII)

Problem: What plan did the Lord adopt to make complete the organization of his Church?

Name the several different quorums of the Priesthood. When did the Prophet Joseph receive his first vision? How long after this event did the organization of the Church take place? Study the chapter.

How was the first quorum of apostles chosen in our day? When? The first quorum of seventy? When? Why was their organization postponed so long? What is the purpose of each quorum?

Answer the problem. What lesson does this plan of the Lord teach us?

LESSON 24 (Chapter XXIII)

Problem: How did Joseph Smith become an educated man?

Generally, how do men become educated? What is the highest degree a student may obtain at a university? Study the chapter.

What opportunities did Joseph Smith, as a boy, have for learning? Name the heavenly beings who taught Joseph Smith. What books did he translate? Of what books did he correct the translation? What books, by means of revelation, did he write? Answer the problem.

We must acknowledge that Joseph Smith had the rarest opportunity for education that any man in our day has had.

Ward Teaching

WARD TEACHING.—From a compilation of the reports in the Presiding Bishop's Office it appears that during the three months ending March 31, 1915, the following wards in the stakes named show that 100 per cent of the people were visited by the teachers:

ALBERTA: Leavitt, Taylor; BEAR LAKE: Lanark, Liberty; BEAR RIVER: East Garland, Elwood, Penrose, Riverside, Tremonton; BEAVER: Milford; BENSON: Lewiston 3rd; BIG HORN: Byron; BLACKFOOT: Riverside; BOX ELDER: Brigham 2nd, 3rd, Honeyville, Harper, Mantua, Park Valley, Rosette, Perry; DAVIS: West Layton, West Point; EMERY: Emery, Ferron; ENSIGN: 20th, 21st; FREMONT: Sugar; LIBERTY: Liberty, 1st, 2nd, 8th, 9th, 10th, 33rd, Emigration, Le Grande; MALAD: Portage; MARICOPA: Chandler; MILLARD: Meadow; MORGAN: Porterville, Richville; NEBO: Knightsville; NORTH SANPETE: Milburn, Moroni, Spring City; NORTH WEBER: Farr West; OGDEN: Eden, Huntsville, Liberty, Middleton, North Ogden, 4th, 5th, 6th, Pleasant View; ONEIDA: all the wards; PANGUITCH: Kingston; PIONEER: Brighton; ST. GEORGE: Gunlock, Springdale; ST. JOHNS: Bluewater; ST. JOSEPH: Central, Lebanon; SALT LAKE: 14th, 22nd, 24th, 28th, Center, North Point; SEVIER: Annabella, Sigurd; TAYLOR: Grassy Lake; TETON: Cache, Valview; UTAH: Lakeview, Springville 2nd, Timpanogas; WEBER: Hooper, Kaneshville, Ogden 5th, 12, Roy, Uintah; YELLOWSTONE: Olive Branch, Parker, Sarilda Branch, Twin Groves; YOUNG: Burnham, Redmesa.

This shows that out of the 739 wards in the Church, there were 110 that secured 100% in ward teaching, during the quarter, and that 35 stakes out of 67 contained wards where all the people were visited by teachers each month.

Mutual Work

M. I. A. Conference

The M. I. A. Annual Conference will be held in Salt Lake City on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 11, 12 and 13. The following program has been arranged:

FRIDAY, JUNE 11: First session, 9:30 to 12:30. The first period, 9:30 to 11, will be devoted to a consideration of joint problems:

1. Stake supervision.
2. Special activities.
3. Annual fall conventions.

The second period, 11 to 12:30, will be devoted to social work with a demonstration in the Deseret Gymnasium.

At 1 p. m. a short special meeting of the superintendents, of the Y. M. M. I. A., will be held, at which "Efficiency in Stake Work," will be discussed.

Second session, 2 p. m. This time will be devoted to preliminary try-outs in the contests:

Music section will be held in the Assembly Hall; public speaking section, in the Bishop's Building, and the re-told story section, in the 14th ward chapel. On the evening of Friday there will be an entertainment for the visiting stake officers, particulars of which will be made known later.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12: On this day separate meetings of the young men and young ladies will be held in the morning and afternoon. In the evening of that day, beginning at 8 o'clock, grand finals in the contest activities will be held in the Assembly Hall.

The Saturday morning meeting of the young men's officers will be devoted to the discussion, from a number of standpoints, of the subject: "The Spirit of the Gospel in M. I. A. Work."

The afternoon will be devoted to business and a consideration of the subjects of government and routine work in the organizations.

The Y. L. M. I. A. meetings on Saturday:

10 a. m.—General Assembly, Assembly Hall: 1. Greeting; II. Roll Call and Annual Report; III. The Junior Girl; IV. Bee-Hive Work.

11 a. m.—Department Meetings, Bishop's Building: Presidents and Counselors, Secretaries and Treasurers, Music Directors, *Journal* Agents, Class Leaders.

2 p. m.—General Assembly, Assembly Hall: I. Guide Work 1915-1916; II. Things Worth While; III. Spirituality in My Stake (five minute talks by stake officers); IV. The Secret Force in M. I. A. Work; V. Old Fashioned "Mormonism."

SUNDAY, JUNE 13: The first session will be held at 10 o'clock a. m. in the Tabernacle and will be joint. The subjects to be treated are:

1. "The Quitter," by Prof. E. S. Hinckley.
2. "Teaching the Gospel Through the M. I. A. Activities," Mary E. Connelly.
3. "The Hills in M. I. A. Work and How to Climb Them," Dr.

Harvey Fletcher, superintendent of the Utah stake.

The presentation of the medals to the winners in the final contest will be made at this meeting.

Second session, 2 p. m., in the Tabernacle: The time of this meeting will be occupied by The General Superintendency Y. M. M. I.

A., President Martha H. Tingey, of the Y. L. M. I. A., and President Louie B. Felt, of the Primary associations.

Third session, 7:30 p. m., in the Tabernacle: There will be two speakers, one representing the Primary, and one the Young Men's and Young Ladies' M. I. A. jointly. Elder Levi Edgar Young has been chosen to represent the M. I. A. and he will talk to the question: "Will the Children of Tomorrow Have Faith?"

The slogan for the M. I. A. conference, for 1915 is: "We Stand for a Weekly Home Evening."

The music for the conference will be under the direction of the music committees of the associations.

Athletic and Scout Work

Champions of Eastern Oregon

The M. I. A. basketball team of Le Grande, Oregon, has carved its way to championship, according to information furnished the ERA by G. Earl Stoddard, superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Union stake. The team is now the undisputed champion of East Oregon. On Monday, February 15, the M. I. A. defeated the Echo Purple Giants, giving that team its second defeat in five years in the state of Oregon. One of the Le Grande newspapers describing the contest says: "The contest was a bayonet charge and long-range-artillery affair throughout, swinging from one to the other repeatedly. The



M. I. A. BASKET-BALL TEAM, LA GRANDE, OREGON

'Y' floor was given a sample of basketball that it will not likely see again for some time, and the mad shrieks of plaudits that went up when the final whistle sounded, and the M. I. A. players were three points in the lead, demonstrated the volume of interest. * * * Both teams used their defense with terrific weight, and though the playing was more laborious than scientifically open, the Giants and M. I. A. won commendation for the gentlemanly tactics displayed.

Both sides were too busy playing basketball to deliberate foul-tactics that are adopted only by the novices." The La Grande M. I. A. won by a total of 26 points against 23 for the Giants. The M. I. A. thus became the champions of eastern Oregon basketball, and at the same time won the La Grande city trophy, put up by the Red Cross Drug Co., for the city basketball league. The personnel of the team is: Botton row—Coombs, Metcalf, Bean, captain; Rosenbaum, Ainsworth; standing, Baum, Woods, Harvey, Larsen, manager and coach; and Scofield. The team has been known as the M. I. A. team for the last five years. The boys deserve special commendation for their achievement, and for their faithful and untiring efforts to reach the championship goal. They are fine specimens of physical development, as well as moral rectitude.

"Pioneer Hike"

The M. I. A. Scout "Pioneer "Hike" over the old "Mormon" trail, from Echo canyon to Salt Lake City, will be taken again this year. It is intended to leave Echo canyon, July 21, and to arrive at Salt Lake City on the morning of July 24, in time to take part in the pioneer celebration. If any are unable to take the three-day "hike," they may make an overnight "hike," and camp with the main company at the foot of Little Mountain, where it is expected there will be a large campfire celebration on the night of the 23rd. If arrangements can be made, the boys will take part in the erection by the State, of the Pioneer monuments along the trail. Boys who have not passed the Tenderfoot test will not be permitted to make the "hike." Details of arrangements may be obtained from the M. I. A. Scout Commissioner, after June 1.

Encampments and Hikes

*No scout organization should permit the summer to pass without holding an encampment; and, where possible, permanent places for summer encampments should be chosen, so that improvements can be made on them each year. Often places for camps can be obtained by getting long-time leases from the government, at a very nominal figure. Stakes in the vicinity of lakes and mountains that would make good places for permanent camps, could unite and have inter-stake encampments.

One of the main things in "hiking" and encampments is to have a definite program, and require the scouts to carry it out per schedule. Camps where boys are permitted to lie around with nothing special to do, are unprofitable and should be avoided. For a scout program, see page 177, new edition of the *Hand Book for Boys*; and pages 201, 228 and 239, *Hand Book for Scout Masters*.

Arrange your "hikes" so that they will fit in with the conditions where you reside. Prepare far enough ahead, to enable the boys to make proper arrangements with parents and employers to leave their work at the most opportune time. Scout masters should keep a record of time spent, the cost of supplies, menus of each meal, and the programs carried out, as this information will be required by the M. I. A. Scout Commissioner of the General Board at the end of the season to enable him to give the required information to other scouts and to the National Organization. Dr. John H. Taylor, M. I. A. Scout Commissioner, will be pleased to render assistance, personally, in making arrangements for "hikes" and encampments.



HUNTSVILLE BASKETBALL TEAM

Winners of the Ogden stake M. I. A. League pennant. During six weeks they played eleven games in which they lost only one. It is the first year that the Huntsville association has entered the stake M. I. A. league in basketball. Names, back row, left to right: I. V. Jorgensen, David Sprague, Arthur Felt, Albert Wangsgaard; center, Roger Peterson, Wilmer Jensen (coach), Leon Felt; front, Joseph Smith.

Inter-Stake Scout Meet

On Thursday, March 18, at 8 p. m., the Granite stake scouts, under the direction of the stake scout master, C. H. Spencer Jr., held an inter-stake meet at the Forest Dale meetinghouse. Out of the eleven wards of the stake, eight were represented by a patrol, making 64 scouts taking part in the different activities. All had passed the tender-foot test. Over two hundred other scouts were present. Before the contest work was taken up demonstration work was conducted by T. George Wood, of the Waterloo ward, with one of his patrols. They demonstrated the different phases of first-aid work, including bandage-

ing, different methods of carrying the injured, also life-saving and drill, including Schafer's method of resuscitation of the drowned. The semaphore signalling drill work was then exhibited which included the alphabet by letters, and sending messages by squads. The exhibition concluded with a demonstration of fire lighting with two matches, and the making of fire without matches. The contest work was as follows:

1st event.—One boy from each troop was allowed one minute to give the significance of the badge.

2nd event.—One patrol from each troop to give scout promise, including sign and scout law.

3rd event.—Relay knot-tying race. One patrol from each troop.



GRANITE STAKE SCOUT PATROLS

On a "hike" to the mouth of Parley's Canyon

4th event.—Drill contest with staff under the direction of the scout master or assistant.

6th event.—While not in the contest, this consisted of all the troops forming on the floor in square formation with an exhibition of the hoisting of the flag, showing full mast, half mast, and concluded by a flag salute by all the scouts. A United States flag was presented to the winners of the event,—the Sugar-Richards troop.

The method of judging was 50 points for first place, 40 points for second place, 30 points for third place, 20 points for fourth place, and ten points for fifth place. The meet was a very successful one

and showed what can be done by stakes in the way of inter-stake meets, if properly worked out.

Why the President Approves Boy Scout Work

In his address to members of the National Council and a group of Boy Scouts at the White House on February 11, President Woodrow Wilson said:

GENTLEMEN: I am sincerely glad to have the pleasure of this visit from you, and to have an opportunity to express my very sincere interest not only in the organization of the Boy Scouts but in the objects that that organization has. From all that I know of it, and from all that I have been able to observe personally, it is an admirable organization, devoted to the objects that I myself thoroughly believe in.

There is only one rule in the world, and it applies to all professions, and that is that you are expected to "make good." No excuses are allowed in this school of life, and the only way to make good is to keep faith. That is the reason I like the idea of the Boy Scouts—because of their secure notion of being responsible to society. They are responsible to the people who live around them—to help maintain the standards of order and fidelity upon which the community depends.

You are recruits in the ranks that we all stand in, and that is to serve the country in some way that will tell, and that has nothing particular to do with your own personal benefit. The man who devotes himself exclusively to the development of his own character will succeed in nothing except to make of himself a prig. But if he devotes himself to helping other people his character will not only take care of itself but it will grow to a very noble stature.

I have always maintained that, in the language of manufacture, character is a by-product. If you set out to develop it because you love it for yourself you will be an ass. If you disregard the consequences to yourself in order to serve other people you will make a noble gentleman, and that I believe is fundamental and sacred in an organization of this sort.

I congratulate you for belonging to it and hope you will honor it in every way by your conduct and allegiance.

Stake Work

Doings of the M. I. A. Australia

Raymond F. Kneale, president of the M. I. A. of Melbourne, Australia, reports that the Mutual Improvement Association of Richmond, Melbourne, Victoria, of the Australian mission, has made rapid strides of late and is a body of progressive workers. Meetings are held every Thursday evening in which a good spirit is always manifest, and along with it one great desire to advance. Special nights are often given, breaking the ordinary routine of class work; debating and literary work forming a great part of the M. I. A. endeavors, also historical matter. "We have two classes, senior and junior, the former has just completed a thorough study of 'The Great Apostasy,' by Elder Talmage, and is now pursuing 'The Restoration of the Gospel,' by Widtsoe. The junior class study the Book of Mormon. The preliminary programs and singing practices are carried out in ordinary meetings, always. The association has an average attendance of 35 active, enrolled members, while many visitors often attend. Our cry is



GROUP OF OFFICERS AND TEACHERS
Richmond branch, Melbourne, Australia.

Front row, left to right: Elsie Parker, Grace Bartlet, First Counselor; Raymond F. Kneale, president; Phyllis Parker, Junior Assistant organist; Jessie C. Galloway, Second Counselor; Barbara Anderson. Back row, Ella Milton, J. Kelley, Lewis P. Kneale, Elders Carl Johnson, M. Leo Burgess, Robert P. McQuarrie, Conference President; A. G. Burt Denton, S. Glen Merrill.

to rally round and assist in the great fight to overcome evil. It is by developing our intelligence, overcoming evil, and keeping our bodies fit, that victory will be assured. Our Mutual work is causing both spiritual and temporal development and brings with it joy and happiness and a realization of the limitless possibilities of man."



M. I. A. CLASS IN LEADERSHIP, BEAVER STAKE.

Passing Events

Utah Day at the San Diego exposition will be July 17. It is expected that Governor Spry and the entire state commission will be present at the opening ceremony, most of which will be held in the Utah state building. The famous Ogden tabernacle choir will give the first of a series of concerts that day, singing with a great outdoor organ. Outside of the choral societies of California, the Ogden choir will be the first large organization of the sort to appear at the exposition.

The Mexican situation was somewhat quiet during the past month. General Villa was defeated by General Obregon at Celaya. Obregon's army pursued Villa; but it was announced he was endeavoring to establish immediate re-organization of his forces at Aguas Calientes. General Huerta was in New York, April 15, and declared himself guiltless of President Madero's death. He declared the revolution of the Constitutionalists a failure, and said only a strong arm could put an end to the anarchy now reigning in Mexico.

The opening of the Celilo canal, a part of a water-way which gives an all water-way route from Lewiston, Idaho, to the Pacific ocean, was celebrated, according to the news dispatches, May 3 to 8. It has been ten years in construction and cost the government six million dollars. The construction was begun in 1905. The canal has a minimum depth of eight feet with ten passing basins and five locks. It is estimated that boats will traverse the canal in three hours connecting with the Snake river and thence the Columbia to the Pacific ocean.

Rufus B. Ensign, an Indian war veteran and Utah pioneer of 1847, died May 9, 1915, at his home in Salt Lake City. He was born in Westfield, Massachusetts, December 28, 1832. His parents joined the Church in about 1840, and arrived in Salt Lake valley in the company of Daniel Spencer, September 20, 1847. Mr. Ensign participated in the Walker Indian war, and later removed to Cedar City, and was a freighter and Indian interpreter for many years. He was well-informed on Utah history, honest and kind-hearted.

Caroline Rogers Daniels Smoot, a pioneer of 1850, prominent Relief Society worker, and well-known worker in Logan and Salt Lake temples, died March 14, 1915, in Salt Lake City. She was born in Dunkirk, New York, March 20, 1827, the daughter of David White Rogers, a lineal descendant of John Rogers burned at the stake in England in 1554, one of the first martyrs to religion in England. Mrs. Smoot was in Nauvoo when Joseph Smith and his brother were killed, and attended their funeral, being seventeen years of age at that time. She worked in the Logan and Manti temples, beginning in the year 1886, and continued for seven years, working also in the Salt Lake temple after its completion, being a regular temple worker until 1911, when she discontinued because of advancing age and poor health.

The great syphon across the valley at Jordan Narrows was tested on April 24, when a number of officers of the company and prominent citizens gathered to see the water transferred from the east side of

the valley to the west side where it is to be applied to a large area of land for irrigation purposes. The water is taken from lakes at the head of Provo river, brought down the river, then taken across the high lands on the east and north of Utah county to the point of the mountain, the entire distance from the lakes being about 100 miles. It is then syphoned across the Jordan to be distributed through canals on the west side of the Salt Lake valley. The perfection of this irrigation project will mean the reclamation of a large area of arid land in Salt Lake county.

William Howard Bancroft, general manager of the Oregon Short Line and first vice-president of the Salt Lake Route, died in Salt Lake City, April 22, 1915. Mr. Bancroft had served the Oregon Short Line for twenty-one years as vice-president and general manager. He retired November 1, 1914, still remaining with the company and retaining the title he had carried, performing only such duties as were assigned him by the chairman of the executive committee of the Union Pacific. He was born October 20, 1840, at Newburg, Ohio, and entered the railway service in April, 1856, as telegraph operator, persistently working his way up and serving many railroad corporations until he became vice-president and general manager of the Oregon Short Line. He was considered one of the best known and ablest railroad characters in the West.

Church Chronology. An addition to this work has just been prepared and issued. It contains the chronology of the Church from 1905 up to the close of the year, 1913. A feature is the addition of an index which covers the whole chronology from the beginning, in 1805, to the close of the year, 1913. This is a very valuable reference work and should be in every public and organization library in the Church. Andrew Jenson, the author, has taken great pains to gather information and historical facts that can be obtained in no other book as handily as in the Church Chronology. The proceeds of the sale of the book are devoted to the new Church administration building, in which the Church Historian's office will be located. Officers of the Church are urged to place as many copies as possible in the homes and libraries of the Church.

Three volumes of "How-to-Do-It" books, published by the New York Book Company, and written by J. S. Zerbe, M. E., in language that everybody can understand, entitled "Electricity", "Carpentry" and "Practical Mechanics," for boys, have been received. For keeping the boys busy with tools and mechanical appliances and for showing them how these may be used and constructed, no better nor more practical texts have come to hand on these subjects. These books are richly illustrated and especially adapted to the busy hour for scouts. The boys learn from the beginning the use of tools, and the most advantageous way of handling them. The successive steps in developing electricity are pointed out; and in carpentry it is shown how the real fundamentals of the trade may be acquired. Price, 60 cents per volume, subject to discount in lots.

Guy C. Wilson, for fifteen years president of the Juarez Stake Academy, in Mexico, and late principal of the Granite seminary, was appointed president of the Latter-day Saints University, April 23, to succeed Colonel Willard Young whose resignation takes effect at the close of the present school year. Osborne J. P. Widtsoe, principal of the high school, it was expected would succeed Colonel

Young, but he accepted an appointment recently as the head of the English department of the University of Utah. It is expected that under Mr. Wilson the office of the president and principal will be combined, so that Mr. Wilson succeeds both Colonel Young and Professor Widtsoe. He was born at Fairview, Sanpete county, April 10, 1864, educated in the public schools, at the Brigham Young Academy, and later the Brigham Young University at Provo, and has spent his whole life time in educational work. He is a man of deep spirituality as well as great firmness and kindliness.

"Religious Education in the Family," by Henry F. Cope, University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Illinois, 296 pages, 12 mo. cloth, \$1.25 postage extra, weight one pound five ounces. This book is the twenty-eighth volume in the constructive studies in religious education, issued by the University Press. It is well adapted as an aid for teaching in the home, and would be valuable among our people in such stakes and wards as have adopted the Home Evening. Many excellent suggestions applicable to this purpose are found in this volume. Among other topics the text treats of "The Present Status of Family Life," "The Meaning of Religious Education in the Family," "The Home as a School," "Stories and Reading," "Use of the Bible in the Home," "Family Worship," "Sunday in the Home," "The Needs of Youth," "Dealing with Moral Crises," "Personal Factors in Religious Education." At the close of each chapter there are references for study and reading, and topics for discussion. The chapter on "Sunday in the Home" contains an explanation of the meaning of the day, the question of play, and the Sunday afternoon problem. One of the questions suggested for discussion is, "Is there any essential relation between the play of children and the wide-open Sunday of commercialized amusement?" Another is, "What characteristics should distinguish play on Sundays from other days?" Still another, "Is the real problem of Sunday in the family that of securing quiet, or of wisely directing the action of the young?"

The Right Reverend Laurence Scanlan, bishop of the Salt Lake diocese of the Roman Catholic church, died May 10, 1915, in Salt Lake City. He was the pioneer pastor, priest and bishop of the Catholic church in Utah having succeeded the Reverend P. Walsh who was the first Catholic priest in Utah. Bishop Scanlan arrived here, August 14, 1873, and was elevated to the bishopric of Salt Lake in 1887. In 1891, with a nucleus of seventy thousand dollars, the present Catholic cathedral, St. Mary Magdalene, an edifice costing several hundred thousand dollars, was begun on his initiative. It seats 1200 people. The Holy Cross hospital was started under his direction amid humble beginnings, in 1875, but is now one of the largest and best equipped institutions of its kind in this western country. Bishop Scanlan was born about seventy-two years ago, his native land being Ireland. In the estimation of his ecclesiastical associates he stood very high, and some six years ago, when the cathedral was dedicated, Cardinal Gibbons came all the way from Baltimore to be present on that occasion. The funeral services for Bishop Scanlan was held in the cathedral Friday, the 14th of May, and, according to the wish of Cardinal Gibbons, he was buried under the altar, after elaborate ceremonies. President Smith in expressing his regret at the death of Bishop Scanlan said: "I share in the public sorrow for a man who has been so energetic and so conscientious in accomplishing what he considered his life's mission."

Judge Charles S. Zane, whose death on March 24, 1915, at his

home in Salt Lake City, was noticed in the May number of the "Era" was born in Marsh River Township, Cumberland County, New Jersey, March 2, 1831, and not 1834, as erroneously stated in the notice last month with a number of other errors. His mother was a relative of Benjamin Franklin. He was admitted to the bar in the spring of 1857, elected city attorney of Springfield in 1858, and re-elected in 1861-1865. He became the successor to Abraham Lincoln in the law firm of Lincoln and Herndon in the year of Lincoln's inauguration, and continued with Herndon until 1869, at which time he joined the law firm of Cullom, Zane and Marcy. The senior partner, Shelby M. Cullom, was the famous author of the Cullom bill. With this firm he remained until 1873, when he became judge of the circuit court of Illinois, comprising two counties, which position he occupied for six years, and was then re-elected, holding jurisdiction over six counties. It was in this office that he was officiating when on July 2, 1884, he was appointed by President Chester A. Arthur, through the influence of Senator Cullom, to be chief justice of Utah. Judge Zane came to Utah on the 23rd day of August, 1884. He took the oath of office on the first day of September following, and was assigned to the Third District court by Governor Eli H. Murray. He officiated in this office until the end of his term, when, on July 9, 1888, he was succeeded by Hon. Elliot Sanford, of New York, who was appointed by President Grover Cleveland. President Harrison being inaugurated on March 4, 1889, Judge Sanford was superceded, and Judge Zane was re-appointed on the 24th day of May, 1889, taking the oath of office on the 3rd of June, and entering on his second term the day following. He remained as chief justice until 1893, since which time he practiced law in Utah to the end of his days, except for one term as Chief Justice of the State of Utah. It was provided in the state constitution that of the three judges elected to the supreme court, of whom Judge Zane was one, that the judge who drew the short term should be the Chief Justice. Judge Zane drew the three-year term and thereby became the first Chief Justice of the state of Utah, entering upon his duties on January 6, 1896. In his diary he wrote, "I was not sorry that I drew the short term."

The Great War.—The defeat of the Russians in the Carpathians, where it was stated that 3,500,000 men were engaged in the battle line; and renewal of activities in the west, in what will likely be known as "The Second Battle of Ypres," in which asphyxiating gases were a feature of the fighting; a renewal of the effort to force the Dardanelles, and the submarine campaign of the Germans, which culminated in the destruction of the great and popular British Cunard liner "Lusitania," were characteristics of the great war between April 12 and May 12.

April 12—Petrograd reported that Russian troops penetrated twenty miles within the Hungarian borders.

April 16—German war correspondents estimated that 3,500,000 men are engaged in battle in the Carpathians from eastern Galicia to northern Hungary, and call this the greatest battle in the history of the world.

April 18—Fierce engagements center about "Hill No. 60," south-east of Ypres. The hill was captured on the 17th by the British.

April 20—The Russians evacuate Tarnow in Galicia.

April 21—The Austrians take twelve thousand Russians prisoners at Yzsok pass. Thirty-five thousand British and French land at Enos, to attack Constantinople.

April 22—The Bombardment of the Dardanelles is resumed by the Allied fleet. Paris announces that by the use of asphyxiating bombs the Germans gain a mile and a half in the Ypres battle, which is designated the "Second Battle of Ypres."

April 25—Fighting continues furiously about Ypres. Great Britain suspends all shipping between the United Kingdom and Holland. The British troops begin landing on the Gallipoli peninsula, after three days of sharp engagements with the Turks.

April 26—The French cruiser "Leon Gambetta" was torpedoed and sunk in the Ionian sea by Austrian submarine U-5, with a loss of over 550 men.

April 27—The Russian fleet bombards the Bosphorus forts.

April 28—The British are able to consolidate their positions and land stores on the Gallipoli peninsula.

April 29—The Germans advance from eastern Prussia seventy miles into Russian territory. Fierce fighting is reported between the Turks and British forces on the Gallipoli peninsula. The British carried several lines of defense between Cape Helles and Kalid Bahr.

May 1—The American oil steamer "Gulflight" was torpedoed and sunk off the Scilly islands. The crew claims that no warning was given. The "Gulflight" is one of thirteen vessels,—five neutrals, four belligerent steamships, and four trawlers, sunk in seventy-two hours on May 1, 2, 3. The Austrians are concentrating on the Italian border.

May 2—Canadian losses in the second battle of Ypres are reported to be six thousand. In this battle asphyxiating gases were freely used by the Germans. The British sank two German torpedo boats in the North sea, and the Germans sank nine British Trawlers.

May 4—War budgets introduced into the House of Commons provided for a daily cost for Britain's military and naval expenses of \$10,500,000 a day.

May 6—The Danish steamer "Cathay" was torpedoed in the North sea.

May 7—The Cunard liner "Lusitania," leaving New York, May 1, with 1917 people all told on board, was torpedoed by a German submarine at 2 o'clock, without warning, and sunk in twenty minutes. The great ship, valued at \$10,000,000, was just west of Queenstown, Ireland, about eight to ten miles when struck. The number of passengers was 1250, and the total of people who lost their lives was 1152, a disaster surpassed only by the "Titanic" when 1503 were drowned. The number of Americans on board was 179 of whom 114 perished, among them being many persons of prominence: Charles Frohman, the theatrical producer; Charles Klein, dramatist, author, of "The Music Master;" Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, capitalist; Justus Miles Forman, novelist; Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Hubbard, of the Roycroft shop, East Aurora, New York; and forty babies and over eighty older children.

May 10—The British steamer "Queen Wilhelmina" was torpedoed by a German submarine on the 8th. The Austrians report taking 70,000 Russians prisoners and capturing 70 guns in West Galicia.

May 11—Dispatches indicate that the Turks are massacring thousands of Armenians in Van, Asiatic Turkey.

May 12—Germans were mobbed in London riots, as a result of the "Lusitania" tragedy. There are strong indications that Italy will enter the war with the Allies.

The British battleship "Goliath" was torpedoed in the Dardanelles. Out of 700 on board 500 of the crew were lost. A British submarine pierced the straits to the sea of Marmora, sinking two Turkish gunboats and a large transport.

"We are always glad to receive the ERA. It contains so many beautiful thoughts that help us out in our efforts in explaining the gospel truths."—DALE S. YOUNG, East Texas conference.

The Era Story Contest. Elsie Chamberlain Carroll won the first place in the "Era" April story contest, the title of her story being, "The Crucial Test." The story deals with love and with two interesting phases of "Mormonism." It will please those who delight in a good story, as well as those who think that too much weight is given in our writings to the practical side of religion, and too little to the higher, spiritual phases of the gospel. The judges were Mrs. Elizabeth Cannon Porter, Nephi Anderson, Prof. John Henry Evans, Attorney Hugo B. Anderson and the associate editor of the "Era."

The result of the May contest will be announced in the July number, and stories for the June contest must be in hand by the 5th of the month.

Improvement Era, June, 1915

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Through the Gates of Stone.....	Frontispiece
The Call of the Canyon. A Poem.....	Annie D. Palmer..... 661
Testimony	Nephi Jensen..... 663
My Father's Grave. A Poem.....	B. F. Cummings..... 666
Jim's Oration. Prize Story.....	Elsie Chamberlain Carroll.. 669
A Utah Poet on the Grand Canyon.....	Jack Borlase..... 679
The Thomas D. Dee Hospital. Illustrated...	John V. Bluth..... 680
Joseph Smith, a Prophet of the Lord. A Poem.....	Samuel Ditty..... 683
Where does the Sabbath Day Begin?.....	Dr. George W. Crockwell.. 684
The Story of the Salt Lake Theatre—III. Illustrated	Horace G. Whitney..... 686
A Dream of the Lands. A Poem.....	Alfred Lambourne..... 696
To Soothe the Savage Breast. A Story.....	John Henry Evans..... 698
Clouds of Summer. A Poem.....	Guy Coleman..... 705
A Hike to the Yellowstone. Illustrated.....	Robert E. Wilson..... 706
Pioneers and Pioneering in Southeastern Utah—I. Illustrated	Joseph F. Anderson..... 710
What has been Utah and Idaho's Loss?.....	Dr. Joseph M. Tanner.... 717
Rocky Mountain Forests. Illustrated.....	Dr. J. H. Paul..... 719
An Adventure in a Storm.....	Annie G. Lauritzen..... 723
Constantinople	Dr. Joseph M. Tanner.... 726
Send Peace Again. A Poem.....	F. E. Barker..... 728
Outlines for Scout Workers.....	Eugenia Morf and Delbert W. Parratt..... 729
Editors' Table—Home Evening.....	First Presidency..... 733
Literary Theft	734
One who can Entertain.....	735
Messages from the Missions.....	736
Priesthood Quorums' Table.....	742
Mutual Work	744
Passing Events	751

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